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**MESSAGE**

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(Nos. 112 to 165)

**HALL-MACK COMPANY**

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# The Gospel Message



EDITED BY

J. LINCOLN HALL  
C. AUSTIN MILES  
ADAM GEIBEL

PRICE:

CARD BOARD COVERS 15 CENTS EACH POSTPAID, \$10.00 THE HUNDRED

ONE DOZEN POSTPAID, \$1.44.

DE LUXE 20 CENTS EACH, POSTPAID,

\$15.00 THE HUNDRED

**HALL-MACK COMPANY**  
PUBLISHERS

**PHILADELPHIA**  
1018-20 ARCH STREET

**NEW YORK**  
27 E. 22D STREET

WESTERN AGENTS.

NATIONAL MUSIC CO., 425 S. WABASH AVENUE, CHICAGO, ILL.

GREAT BRITAIN,

R. T. HARDY, STOCKTON ON TEES, ENGLAND.

CANADIAN

WM. BRIGGS, TORONTO, CANADA

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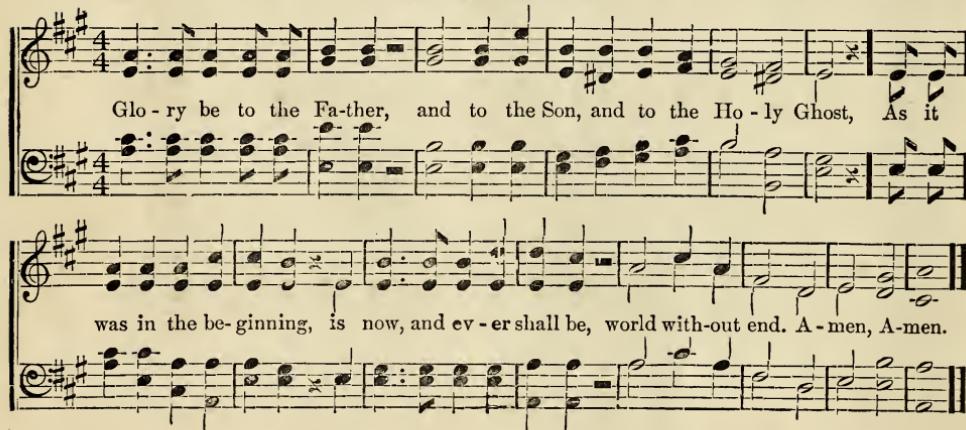
## PREFACE

**GOSPEL MESSAGE No. 3** presents a greater variety of composers, a higher type of music and poetry, and a distinct advance in every other particular. The **Excelsior Department** (Nos. 112 to 165) is far superior to that used in any other book; the word type is more clear and distinct; the selections therein are most valuable. The **New Songs** (67 in number) have been most critically examined and edited and the **Best Gospel Hymns** in demand, 44 **Selected Copyrights**, have been included regardless of expense and effort. **Gospel Message No. 3** is offered with assurance of its value to the Religious World.

**The Publishers**

### Gloria Patri.

CHARLES MEINEKE.

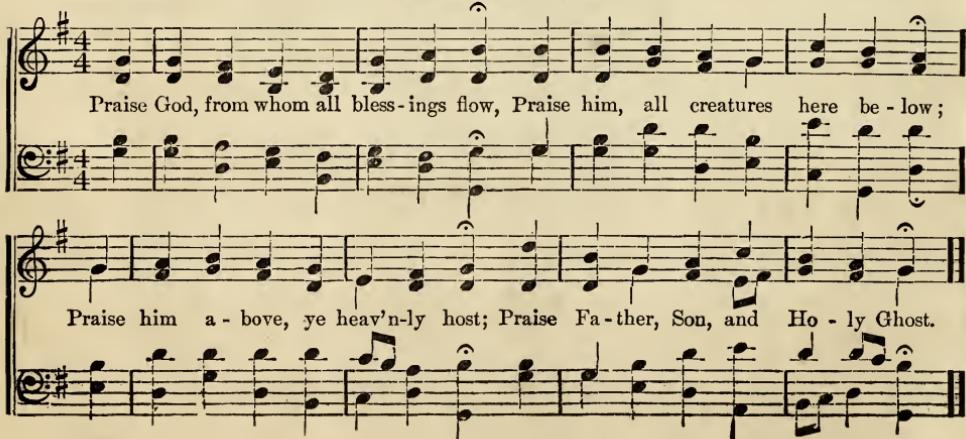


Glo-ry be to the Fa-ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho-ly Ghost, As it  
was in the be-ginning, is now, and ev-er shall be, world with-out end. A-men, A-men.

THOMAS KEN.

### Old Hundred.

GUILLAUME FRANC.



Praise God, from whom all bless-ings flow, Praise him, all creatures here be - low;  
Praise him a - bove, ye heav'n-ly host; Praise Fa-ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.

# Gospel Message, No. 3.

## No. 1. What Have You Done for Jesus?

E. E. HEWITT.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. What have you done as the days have sped by? What have you done for Je - sus?
2. Pleasures you've sought, and the world's fleeting gain, What have you done for Je - sus?
3. Rich - es un - told he has bought you and me; What have you done for Je - sus?
4. No work a - bides but the serv - ice of love; What have you done for Je - sus?

What bless-ed rec-ords were en - tered on high? What have you done for Je - sus?  
Treas - ures of earth you have tried to ob-tain, What have you done for Je - sus?  
Bless - ed sal - va-tion, a - bundant and free! What have you done for Je - sus?  
Seek - ing the jew - els that sparkle a - bove, What have you done for Je - sus?

### CHORUS.

What have you done for Je - - sus? What have you done for Je - - sus?  
O what have you done?

When fades the day, O what will you say? What have you done for Je - sus?

No. 2.

# His Love.

G. H. C.

GEORGE H. CARR.

1. His love will sweeten ev - 'ry bit - ter cup That care and sor - rows brew;  
2. His love will lighten ev - 'ry wea - ry task Throughout the toil of day;  
3. His love will guide me to the promised home With - in the vale of rest;

Take cour - age, heart, and let your faith look up Be - yond the heaven's blue.  
His strength and pow'r are all I need to ask To help me on the way.  
Press on, my soul, in doubt no lon - ger roam, Press on and gain God's best.

CHORUS.

His love can fill my ev - 'ry need, (my ev - 'ry need) His

love for me in all I plead, (in all I plead,) His love will

al - ways safe - ly lead; His love for me.

His love for me,

His love for me.

## No. 3.

## His Love is Wonderful.

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. When the Lamb of God was cru - ci - fied, And laid on the sin-made tree,  
 2. I have seen no cross on Calv'ry's hill, No tomb in the gar-den gray,  
 3. I have known no fear since that glad day, When low at his feet I fell,  
 4. When he takes us up to dwell with him Throughout all e - ter - ni - ty,

It was not the nails that could keep him there, But it was for love of me;  
 But the love of Christ was revealed to me When he took my sins a - way;  
 All the gifts of love that he gave me there I can nev - er, nev - er tell;  
 We will praise him there as we praise him here, For his love for you and me;

CHORUS.

Yes, it was his love for me.  
 When he took my sins a - way. } Hal - le - lu - jah! O his love is  
 I can nev - er, nev - er tell. } For his love for you and me. O his love is

won - der - ful, And his grace is so full and free! O his  
 ver - y won - der - ful, full and free!

love O his love is won - der - ful, For it reach - es e - ven me!  
 O his love is ver - y won - der - ful, yes, e - ven me!

## No. 4.

## Just Ahead.

W. C. POOLE.

ADAM GEIBEL.

CHORUS. *Unison.*

MALE VOICES. *Parts.*

# Just Ahead.—Concluded.

1 2 3

Just a-head, just a-head, Then Just a-head, just a-head, just a-head.  
Just a-head, just a-head, just a-head, just ahead.

The musical score consists of two staves. The top staff is in G major and the bottom staff is in C major. The first measure (1) starts with a half note followed by a dotted half note. The second measure (2) starts with a quarter note followed by a dotted half note. The third measure (3) starts with a quarter note followed by a dotted half note. The lyrics are placed below the notes.

## No. 5. In the Inner Court with Jesus.

E. E. HEWITT.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. In the in - ner court with Je - sus, Where no earth - ly cares in - vade;  
2. In the in - ner court with Je - sus, Sit - ting hum - bly at his feet;  
3. In the in - ner court with Je - sus, He will tell us what to do;  
4. In the in - ner court with Je - sus, Sin will lose its aw - ful pow'r;

The musical score consists of two staves. The top staff is in G major and the bottom staff is in C major. The first measure (1) starts with a half note followed by a dotted half note. The second measure (2) starts with a quarter note followed by a dotted half note. The third measure (3) starts with a quarter note followed by a dotted half note. The lyrics are placed below the notes.

There's a peace that pass - eth meas - ure, There's a joy that will not fade.  
There are les - sons, deep and sa - cred, There's commun - ion, full and sweet.  
O - pen to us paths of serv - ice, And our dai - ly strength re - new.  
Faith will grow and hope will bright - en, Love wax stron - ger, hour by hour.

CHORUS.

The musical score consists of two staves. The top staff is in G major and the bottom staff is in C major. The first measure (1) starts with a half note followed by a dotted half note. The second measure (2) starts with a quarter note followed by a dotted half note. The third measure (3) starts with a quarter note followed by a dotted half note. The lyrics are placed below the notes.

In the in - ner court with Je - sus, Feasting on his wondrous love;  
In the in - ner Feasting on his

The musical score consists of two staves. The top staff is in G major and the bottom staff is in C major. The first measure (1) starts with a half note followed by a dotted half note. The second measure (2) starts with a quarter note followed by a dotted half note. The third measure (3) starts with a quarter note followed by a dotted half note. The lyrics are placed below the notes.

There's a glimpse of heav'ly glo - ry, Ev - er - last - ing light a - bove!  
There's a glimpse

The musical score consists of two staves. The top staff is in G major and the bottom staff is in C major. The first measure (1) starts with a half note followed by a dotted half note. The second measure (2) starts with a quarter note followed by a dotted half note. The third measure (3) starts with a quarter note followed by a dotted half note. The lyrics are placed below the notes.

# No. 6. My Mother's Old Bible is True.

(Dedicated to the Men and Religion Forward Movement.)

E. E. HEWITT.

Tenors and Basses, or All in Unison, or Solo.

ADAM GEIBEL.

1. I've found that earth's wa - ters will ne'er sat - is - fy, I sought for re -
2. I turned to the Bi - ble, glad ti - dings I read, Of riv - ers un -
3. I read of the mer - cy that brought him to die, To save guilt - y
4. A - way with the fountains that shine but to mock, A - way with earth's

fresh-ing and cheer; . . . Its cisterns were brok-en, its fountains were dry,  
fail - ing and bright; . . . Of Christ the Good Shepherd, who safely hath led  
sin - ners like me; . . . That now he is liv - ing in glo - ry on high,  
per - ish - ing toys; . . . I drink of the wa - ter that flows from the rock,

## CHORUS.

Its joys like the dews dis - ap - pear.  
His flock by the streams of de - light. . . . . } My mother's old Bi - ble is  
My more than a broth - er to be. . . . . }  
I feast up - on in - fi - nite joys. . . .

true; . . . From cov - er to cov - er, all true! . . . A message of love,  
is true; all true!

'Twas sent from a - bove; My moth - er's old Bi - ble is true. . . .  
is true.

## No. 7.

## Such a Friend is Jesus.

E. E. HEWITT.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

CHORUS. *All voices in unison.*

Parts.

Unison.

Parts.

Unison.

Parts.

## No. 8.

## I'm Not My Own.

JOHN JAMES.

J. J. LOWE.

1. I'm not my own, for Christ hath bought me, His for - ev - er-more to be;
2. I'm not my own, but sav'd by Je - sus, I will trust him all the way;
3. I'm not my cwn, but his for - ev - er, Naught can pluck me from his hand;
4. I'm not my own, but his for serv - ice, Toil - ing oth - er souls to win;

With his own blood he sav'd, redeem'd me, He paid the price and set me free.  
 To do his will, to know his fav - or, I'll glad-ly fol - low him each day.  
 I know he'll keep, and guard, and guide me to the bet - ter land.  
 I'll tell the lost the sweet old sto - ry, How Je-sus died to save from sin.

CHORUS.

I'm not my own, . . . . . I'm not my own, A  
 I'm not my own, I'm not my own,

King . . . up - on a throne . . . . . Has ransom'd me . . . . . with  
 a King up - on a throne Has ransom'd me

his own blood, . . . . . And now he claims me for his own. . . . .  
 with his own blood, his own.

## No. 9.

## All Shall Be Well.

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. When the cord of life for me is brok-en, All shall be well; For the Lord of  
 2. When the ten-der ties of love shall sev-er, All shall be well; When I close my  
 3. When the Lord shall bid me come up high-er, All shall be well; If it be by

## CHORUS.

Life to me has spoken, And his message now I'll tell, } All shall be well with  
 eyes on earth forev-er, It shall be with Christ to dwell, }  
 wa-ter or by fire, I'll go shouting "All is well." } all shall be well with

me, For I believe on Cal-va-ry, And that the blood of Christ my Saviour From  
 me, with me, For I believe, be-lieve on Calva-ry,

sin has set me free; All shall be well with me, When I the glo-ry-  
 set me free; all shall be well with me, with me, When I, when

land shall see, And this my parting cry to earth shall be, All shall be well with me.  
 I the glory-land shall see, with me.

## No. 10.

## There is Joy in Heaven.

H. L.

HALDOR LILLENAS.



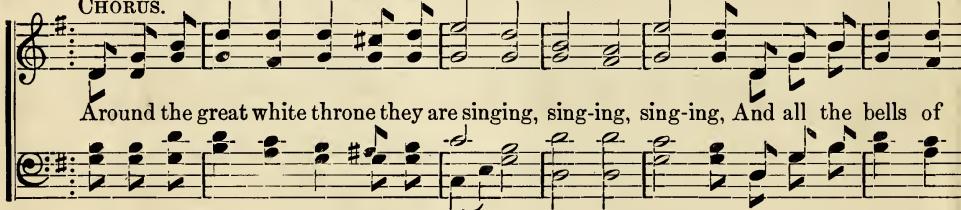
1. When a soul re-pents of its sin and guilt, There is joy in heav'n;
2. When a sin-ner ceas-es in sin to roam, There is joy in heav'n;
3. When a soul from bon-dage has been set free, There is joy in heav'n;
4. When we sweep at last thro' the pearl-y gate, There is joy in heav'n;



When a heart is cleans'd in the blood once spilt, There is joy in heav'n.  
 When a prod-i-gal is re-turn-ing home, There is joy in heav'n.  
 When thro' grace di-vine blinded eyes can see, There is joy in heav'n.  
 When we meet the dear ones who for us wait, There is joy in heav'n.



CHORUS.



Around the great white throne they are singing, sing-ing, sing-ing, And all the bells of



heav-en are ring-ing, For a sin-ner has come home; For a sin-ner has come home.



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## No. 11.

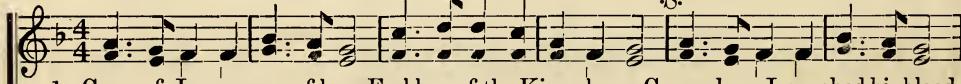
## Cross of Jesus.

J. WELLINGTON FRIZZELLE.

(MESSIAH.)

Arr. from LOUIS J. F. HEROLD.

:S:



1. Cross of Jesus, cross of love. Emblem of the King above; Cross where Jesus shed his blood,
2. Cross of Jesus, cross of peace, Where my soul finds sweet release; Where he died to set me free,
3. Cross of Jesus, cross of hope, Cross on which my Saviour spoke Words of comfort in the hour



D.S.—Blessed cross, O let me rest

# Cross of Jesus.—Concluded.

Fine. CHORUS.

D.S.

Where his love and mercy flow'd.  
Suf - fered pain and ag - o - ny. }  
When he conquer'd Satan's pow'r. }  
Blessed cross, O let me rest 'Neath thy shadow, and be blest;

## No. 12.

## Stand Like Men.

L. S. L.

LIDA SHIVERS LEECH.

1. God wants the faithful ones and true, He wants them now his work to do;
2. On moves the mighty tide of sin, The young and old are gathered in;
3. Stand like the martyrs did of old, Who gave their lives in serv - ice bold;

Might - y the pow'r of sin's dark pall, O heed the Mas - ter's earn - est call.  
On to the res - cue, men of God, Who once this wea - ry way have trod.  
God need-eth la - b'ilers tried and true, He wants them now his work to do.

CHORUS.

Firm for the Mas - ter stand like men, Stand 'gainst the rush-ing tide of sin,

If we the vic - to - ry would win, Stand, stand like men.

# No. 13. Glory in the Service of My King.

JAMES ROWE.

HALDOR LILLENAS.



1. I am walking in the light of the Lord, And my record I am keeping  
2. Worldly joys and pleasures charm me no more, In the midst of high'er things I  
3. Blessed Jesus, keep me true to thy love; In thy service would I e'er be



clear; I am working all the while in the brightness of his smile, For there's  
live; And the vic'try that I win, when I face the hosts of sin, Gives the  
found; Till thy ten-der call shall come, call-ing all the workers home, That by



## CHORUS.



glo - ry in his service here. } greatest joy that life can give. } There is glo - ry in the service of my King,  
thy dear hand I may be crowned. } of my King,



Ev - er-last-ing life and pleasure it will bring; Hal-le - lu - jah! Hal - le -  
it will bring; Hal - le - lu - jah!



lu - - - jah! There is glo - ry in the serv - ice of my King.  
Hal - le - lu - jah! of my King.



No. 14.

# Sweeter as the Years Roll By.

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. When up - on bend-ed knee, Je - sus whispered to me, Sweet-er voice I had  
2. Ev - 'ry day is a joy sin can nev - er destroy, Ev - 'ry mo-ment in  
3. Days may come, they must go, as a tor - rent they flow, Rush-ing on to e -

nev - er heard; But the years as they roll bring a joy to my soul, As I  
peace I dwell; But I'm long - ing to stand face to face, hand in hand, With the  
ter - ni - ty; But the time as it flies, brings me near - er the prize That a -

## CHORUS.

lin - ger up - on his word. } For he is sweet-er as the years roll by,  
One whom I love so well. } as the years roll by,  
waits when my King I'll see.

To be wor - thy of his love I'll try; So I'll love him more and more,  
I will try;

As I near the oth- er shore, For he is sweet-er as the years roll by. roll by.

# No. 15. Don't You Know that He Loves You?

G. H. C.

GEORGE H. CARR.

1. He loved you so much that he yielded his life, A ransom for souls that are lost;  
2. He loves you so much that perhaps for your good, He shatters the i-dols you love;  
3. He loves you so much that for a-ges, a home In heav-en has been kept for you;

In death's ag-o-ny, He hung on the tree, No mortal e'er knew what it cost.  
To lead you to God, The chast-en-ing rod May point you to glo-ries a-bove.  
No sorrows nor care, Nor suff'ring are there, But joys that are last-ing and new.

## CHORUS.

Don't you know that he loves you With a love so true? Don't you know that he

loves you, That he died for you? Don't you know he will save you

*ad lib.*

From the pow'r of sin? Don't you know that he loves you, Why not let him in?

# No. 16. I'm Nearer to My Home, Sweet Home.

H. L.

HALDOR LILLENAS.



1. I'm near-er to the land of joy and peace, Where weary ones shall cease to roam;
2. I'm near-er to the pearl-y gates to day Than I have ev-er been be-fore,
3. I'm near-er to the tree of life so fair, I'm near-er to the tide-less sea;
4. I'm near-er to the ver - nal fields of rest, I'm near-er to their fragrant flow'rs;



I'm nearer to the clime where storms shall cease, I'm near-er to my home, sweet home.  
The home of rest is not so far a-way As in the mist-y days of yore.  
I'm near-er to the crown that I shall wear, I'm near-er to e-ter-ni-ty.  
I'm near-er to the cit - y of the blest, I'm near-er to its glitt'ring tow'rs.



CHORUS.



I'm nearer to my home, sweet home, I'm nearer to my home, sweet home;  
I'm near - er, near-er my home, sweet home, I'm near - er, near-er my home, sweet home;



I'm nearer than before to the shining, golden shore, I'm nearer to my home, sweet home.



5 I'm nearer to the shining streets of gold,  
I'm nearer to the great white throne;  
I'm nearer to the place where I behold  
The One who claims me for his own.

6 I'm nearer to the mansions of delight,  
Where sin can never, never come;  
I'm nearer to the realms where come no night,  
I'm nearer to my home, sweet home.

## No. 17.

## He Always Knows.

JAMES ROWE.

SOP. AND ALTO.

HALDOR LILLENAS.

1. Don't you know that Je - sus knows all your care,  
 2. Don't you know that Je - sus bends o - ver you?  
 3. Don't you know he whis - pers still, "O come home?"

All your thorn-paths,  
 More than all your  
 Won't you, yielding

all your woes, your de - spair?  
 earth-ly friends he is true;  
 to his will, cease to roam?

Ev - 'ry time the tempter calls, Ev - 'ry  
 All the while you humbly plead Je - sus  
 Heed his lov - ing voice to - day, Have your

time the world entralls, All your troubles, all your woes, Je - sus knows.  
 knows your ev - 'ry need, Ev - 'ry sob and tear that flows, Je - sus knows.  
 bur - den roll'd a - way, Sweet compas - sion still he shows, For he knows.

## CHORUS.

He al - ways knows, . . . . . he al - ways knows, . . . . . And sees the

He al - ways knows, . . . . . he al - ways knows,

tear . . . . . that si - lent flows, . . . . . The thorn that in . . . . . your pathway

And sees the tear

that si - lent flows,

The thorn that in

# He Always Knows.—Concluded.

grows, . . . . The Saviour knows, . . . . he al-ways knows. . . .  
your pathway grows, The Saviour knows, he always knows.

## No. 18. None of These Things Shall Move Me.

L. S. L.

LIDA SHIVERS LEECH.

1. Fierce the storms may beat a-round me, And temp-tations strong con-found me;  
2. Friends un-true may oft dis-tress me, And the cares of life op-press me;  
3. Tho' I may not un-der-stand it, Still his precious word commands it;

Still I need not fear if my Lord is near, While his lov-ing voice I hear.  
Still I'll trust his love, for he reigns a-bove, And my faith in him I'll prove.  
In the dark or light, trust by faith not sight, He will bring all things out right.

CHORUS.

None of these things shall ev-er move me, While I in him a-bide;  
ev-er move me, I a-bide;

He is my com-fort and help-er, Je-sus the Cru-ci-fied.  
my com-fort and help-er, Je-sus the Cru-ci-fied.

## No. 19.

## Come Over.

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.



1. There's a land of peace and plen - ty, And its gates are o - pen wide, And the  
 2. There is bread of heav - en grow-ing, In its fair and fer - tile fields, And the  
 3. Who would stay with-out its bor - ders, In the des - eret dark and drear, When the



pure in heart and ho - ly In its shel - ter may a - bide; It is not thro' gates of  
 wine of love its vineyard To the thirsting mortal yields; There are mountain heights of  
 lus - cious grapes of Es - chol Are so ver - y, ver - y near? En - ter in then with re -



glo - ry That a soul must en - ter in; But all who would find entrance there Must  
 glo - ry That a - wait the trav'ler's rod, And blest retreats where empty souls Draw  
 joic - ing, For the Lord is on your side, And in his glorious presence Ev - er -



## CHORUS.



leave the ways of sin. }  
 near - er un - to God. } Come o - ver, come o - ver, To the land of corn and wine; There is  
 more you shall a - bide. }



nothing can compare With the ma - ny ho - ly pleasures there; Come o - ver, come o - ver,



# Come Over.—Concluded.

Leave the desert plain be-low And come a-way, away, Come o - - ver.  
O come a - way, To Canaan's blessings go.

## No. 20. I'll Live for my Redeemer.

HARRIET E. JONES.

BYRON L. BURDITT.

1. I'll live for my Lord and Re-deem - er, Who suffered that I might be free;  
2. My all I have laid on the al - tar, Each i - dol have torn from my heart;  
3. 'Tis joy to o - obey my Re-deem - er, And serve him what-ev - er may come;

I'll love him and serve him for - ev - er Who lov - eth and car - eth for me.  
In du - ty I nev - er will fal - ter, From serv - ice, will nev - er de - part.  
Sometime I will praise him for - ev - er, Up there in his beau - ti - ful home.

### CHORUS.

Liv - ing for him, Liv - ing for him, I'll do as he bids me each day;  
I am And

I'll be what my Sav - iour would have me, And say what he bids me say.

## No. 21.

## Jesus Lifted Me.

GRACE GORDON.

ARTHUR WILTON.

1. I once was down in depth of sin, But Je-sus lift-ed me; He gave his life my  
 2. I once was sunk in deep despair, But Je-sus lift-ed me; He sought my soul, he  
 3. O'erwhelmed by waves of doubt and fear, But Jesus lifted me; What joy to feel my

### CHORUS.

soul to win, And Je-sus lift-ed me. } heard my pray'r, And Je-sus lift-ed me. } Sav-iour near, And Je-sus lift-ed me. } He lift-ed me, he lift-ed me, To

him fore'er I'll cling; He lift-ed me, he lift-ed me, His boundless love I'll sing.

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## No. 22. I'm Asking No Questions of Thee.

ADELE OTIS.

ADAM GEIBEL.

1. I'm ask-ing no questions of thee, dear Lord, Thou knowest the way I take;  
 2. I'm ask-ing no questions of thee, dear Lord, Tho' breaking my heart may be;  
 3. I'm ask-ing no questions of thee, dear Lord, Tho' dark-ness ob-scures my sight;  
 4. I'm ask-ing on questions of thee, dear Lord, My guide thou wilt sure-ly be;

Just liv-ing one day at a time, dear Lord, And liv-ing it well for thy sake.  
 Just liv-ing one day at a time, dear Lord, And liv-ing it brave-ly for thee.  
 Just liv-ing one day at a time, dear Lord, And seek-ing for strength to live right.  
 My trust is complete in thy wis-dom, Lord, I'm ask-ing no questions of thee!

# I'm Asking No Questions of Thee.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Music score for the Chorus of 'I'm Asking No Questions of Thee.—Concluded.' The score consists of two staves. The top staff is for the treble clef voice, and the bottom staff is for the bass clef voice. The music is in common time. The lyrics are: 'O dear Je-sus, sat-is-fied I'll ev-er be, I'll trust thee al- way for-ev-er and aye; I'm ask-ing no questions of thee.' The tempo is marked 'dim. e rit.'

## No. 23. Spend Some Time in Prayer.

E. E. HEWITT.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

Music score for 'Spend Some Time in Prayer.' The score consists of two staves. The top staff is for the treble clef voice, and the bottom staff is for the bass clef voice. The music is in common time. The lyrics are: '1. If you would serve the Lord a-right, Spend some time in pray'r; If you would keep your 2. If you would dai-ly do his will, Spend some time in pray'r; For strength, his bidding 3. For pow'r to run the Christian race, Spend some time in pray'r; Come oft-en to the 4. God on-ly can your needs supply, Spend some time in pray'r; The bless-ings com-eth'.

CHORUS.

Music score for the Chorus of 'Spend Some Time in Prayer.' The score consists of two staves. The top staff is for the treble clef voice, and the bottom staff is for the bass clef voice. The music is in common time. The lyrics are: 'armor bright, Spend some time in pary'r. to ful-fill, Spend some time in pray'r. } Pray'r, its val-ue none can meas-ure, It will throne of grace, Spend some time in pray'r. from on high, Spend some time in pray'r.'

Music score for the Chorus of 'Spend Some Time in Prayer.' The score consists of two staves. The top staff is for the treble clef voice, and the bottom staff is for the bass clef voice. The music is in common time. The lyrics are: 'bring you last-ing treas-ure; Present help and pur-est pleasure, Spend some time in pray'r.'

## No. 24.

## After a While.

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.



1. Aft-er a while the burdens we have borne so long, Shall be laid down;  
 2. Aft-er a while the bit-ter words that caused a tear, We shall for-give;  
 3. Aft-er a while, 'til then I'll bear with patience here, My hum-ble lot;  
 1. Shall be laid



Aft-er a while our lips shall tune a vic-tor's song, And we shall wear a vic-tor's crown.  
 Aft-er a while we'll learn to speak in kindness here, And in the love of Christ shall live.  
 Knowing at last when I shall see my Saviour dear, My earthly woes shall be for-got.



REFRAIN.  
 Aft-er a while the thorns shall turn to ros-es, Aft-er the night the day must come; must come;



Aft-er a while the tears shall turn to laughter, Aft-er the journey home sweet home; sweet home;



Aft-er a while the pear-ly gates shall o-pen, Where with many a welcome smile;



# After a While.—Concluded.



In our arms we'll clasp again our dear ones, After a while, a lit- the while. After a while, a little while.

## No. 25. Jesus is Fairer than All.

ARTHUR WILLIS SPOONER.

ALFRED JUDSON.



1. The lil-ies are breathing sweet perfume so rare, But Je-sus is sweeter than all;  
2. The stars up in heaven are wondrously bright, But Je-sus is brighter than all;  
3. All glo- ry to Je-sus, I love his dear name, Yes, Je-sus is dear-er than all;

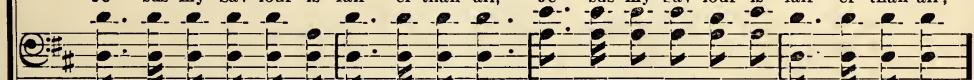


The birds are so hap-py, the skies are so fair, But Je-sus is fair-er than all.  
His presence il-lumines my path in the night, For Je-sus is brighter than all.  
From heaven to earth to redeem us he came, Yes, Je-sus is dearer than all.

CHORUS.



Fair - - er than all, . . . . Fair - - er than all, . . . . Je - sus my Sav-iour is fair - er than all, Je - sus my Sav-iour is fair - er than all;



Yes, Je - - sus my Sav - - iour Is fair-er, yes, fair - er than all.  
Yes, Je - sus my Sav-iour is fair - er than all, rit.

## No. 26.

## Walking By Faith.

G. H. C.

SOLO OR DUET.

GEORGE H. CARE.

1. Not a sigh nor a tear, Not a cry nor a fear, But my Lord's lov-ing  
 2. Not a hope I have lost, Nor a pain that it cost, But he com-forts my  
 3. Not a cross I have borne, Not a thing from me torn, But his love hath en-  
 4. Not a good deed I've done, Not a soul I have won, But the Sav-iour my

heart o-ver-flows; Not a step that I take, nor mistake that I make,  
 poor aching heart; Not a lure or a snare, but my help-er is there,  
 riched, thousand fold; Not a bur-den I bear but he's will-ing to share,  
 work will re-ward; Not a prom-ise will fail when I cross o'er the vale,

o-ver flows,

## CHORUS.

But he leads as the way dark-er  
 To res-cue from sin's dead-ly  
 And my ef-forts his pow'r doth up-  
 For ev-er to be with my

grows.  
 dart. }  
 hold. }  
 Lord.

O help me dear Sav-iour, to

walk not by sight, But fol-low where e'er thou dost lead; Con-tent in thy  
 thou dost lead;

will with a faith clear and bright, For thou wilt sup-ply all my need.

No. 27.

# Secure in His Keeping.

E. E. HEWITT.

J. LINCOLN HALL.



1. Secure in his keeping, who guideth my way, Who turneth the shadows of night into day;
2. Secure in his keeping, who died for my sin, Who suffered on Calv'ry, a sin-ner to win;
3. Secure in his keeping, tho' foes may surround, The grace of my Saviour much more will abound;
4. Secure, when the shadows of evening shall fall, Still trusting in Jesus, I'll answer his call;



*rit.*



The word that he ut-ters, no ill can withstand, He holdeth the waters with-in his own hand. Who ris-ing in triumph o'er sin and the grave, For me in-ter-ced-eth, almighty to save. Then forth to his service, I'll cheerful-ly go, The work he will prosper, the path he will show. I'll sing 'mid the angels, in yonder bright sphere, "He saved me, he kept me, that's why I am here."



CHORUS. *a tempo.*

Se - cure,..... Se - cure,..... Se - cure,..... while a - ges en - dure.



Se - cure, se - cure, for his promise is sure! Se - cure, secure, while the a - ges endure!



1  
My ti - tle in love is writ-ten a - bove, For he is almighty to save;, al-mighty to save;



2  
My ti - tle in love is writ-ten a - bove, For he is almighty to save. al-mighty to save.



# No. 28. Won't You Let Him Be Your Saviour Too?

JAMES ROWE.

IRA B. WILSON.



1. I have a precious Saviour, He came from heav'n above; And died for me on  
 2. I have a lov-ing Saviour, He hears me when I call; He helps to bear each  
 3. I have a faith-ful Saviour, With me he will a-bide; And hold my hand un-



Cal - va - ry, To prove his match-less love; This love so free - ly giv - en, He  
 load of care, And lifts me when I fall; So kind is he, so ten - der, Com -  
 til I land Up - on the oth - er side. Some day in all his glo - ry, My



FINE.

of - fers now to you; Won't you let my Sav - iour Be your Sav - iour too?  
 pas - sion - ate and true; Won't you let my Sav - iour Be your Sav - iour too?  
 Sav - iour I shall view; Broth - er, won't you let him Be your Sav - iour too?



D.S.—Won't you let my Sav - iour Be your Sav - iour too?

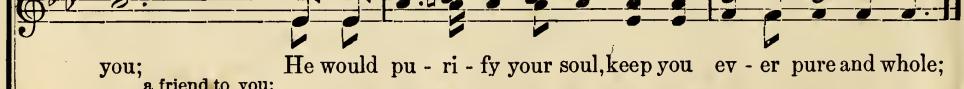
CHORUS.



Won't you let him be your Saviour too? He would prove a faithful friend to  
 your Saviour too?



you; He would pu - ri - fy your soul, keep you ev - er pure and whole;  
 a friend to you;



D.S.

you; He would pu - ri - fy your soul, keep you ev - er pure and whole;  
 a friend to you;

No. 29.

## In the Homeland All is Well.

FRONA SCOTT.

DUET.—Sop. and Alto, or Tenor.

*Andante sostenuto.*

HALDOR LILLENAS.

1. When our lov'd ones jour- ney from us to a coun-try far a - way, And we  
 2. In the si - lent midnight watch-es, when the brooding dread and fears Point a -  
 3. All is well, O soul, be - lieve it, sun-shine fol-lows aft - er rain, In a

wan-der in the val-ley where the gloomy shadows stray; When the rod has left us  
 way thro' end-less a - ges seen thro' sorrow's blin-ling tears; Soft - ly comes from out the  
 fair and peaceful country thou shalt find thine own a - gain; Sounding from ce - les - tial

help-less thro' the blighting blow that fell, Hear we thro' the mist a message, "In the  
 si - lence sweet as fragrant lil - y bell, 'Keep the faith and trust for- ev - er, in the  
 por-tals, heav'ly anthems ev - er swell, Ju - bi - lant the thrilling chorus, 'In the

## CHORUS.

homeland all is well." In the homeland, blessed homeland, Where the lov'd ones

safe - ly dwell, All is sunshine and no shad-ow, In the homeland all is well. all is well.

## No. 30.

## Blest to Be a Blessing.

MAUD FRAZER.

DUET.

ADAM GEIBEL.

1. My cup with bless - ing o - ver-flow - eth, God's grace is giv'n so full, so free;  
 2. I'll go my Saviour's love con-fess - ing To those who in the darkness bide;  
 3. I am the Lord's, for he has bought me With his own blood shed on the tree;  
 4. I'll work to - day, for time is fly - ing, And soon must fall the shades of night;

To him what of - f'ring shall I ren - der For all his good - ness un - to me?  
 For I am blest to be a bless - ing, Some wand'ring soul homeward to guide.  
 I'll tell the joy that he has taught me, And try to love as he loves me.  
 For all a - round me souls are dy - ing That I may lead to love and light.

CHORUS.

I am blest to be a bless - ing, Sav'd to serve my Lord and King;  
 I am blest Sav'd to serve my Lord and King.

Giv - en light that I might use it Oth - er souls to him to bring.  
 Giv - en light Oth - er souls to bring.

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## No. 31.

## I Need Not Lack.

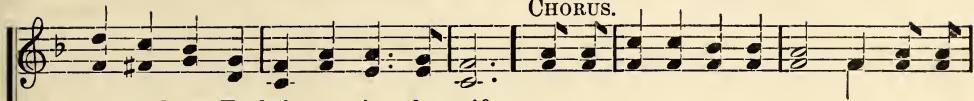
G. H. C.

GEORGE H. CARR.

1. I need not lack for in - ward pow'r To live a righteous life; For God is with me  
 2. I need not lack for friendship true, For Je - sus is my friend; Tho' other friends are  
 3. I need not lack for joy sublime, His joy remains with me; Earth's pleasures last but  
 4. I need not lack for an - ything, For God is all in all; And so each day his

# I Need Not Lack.—Concluded.

## CHORUS.



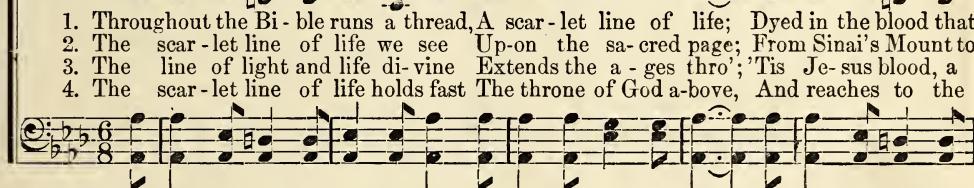
ev - 'ry hour, To help me in the strife.  
sometimes few, He loves us to the end. } O that I might ful-ly trust him! For I  
for a time, His last e - ter - nal - ly.  
praise I sing, And on his name I call.



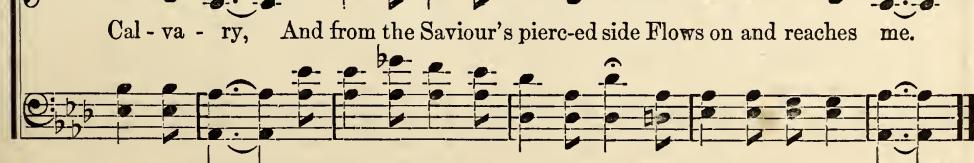
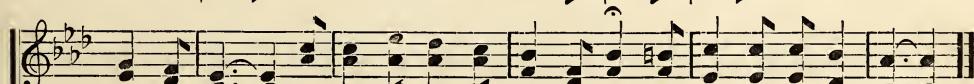
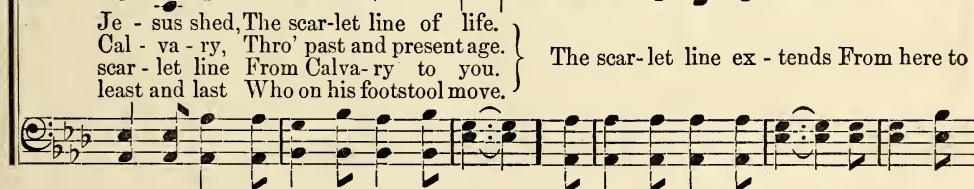
## No. 32. The Scarlet Line of Life.

E. E. HEWITT.

J. LINCOLN HALL.



## CHORUS.



## No. 33.

## Pilot Me Home.

L. S. L.

LIDA SHIVERS LEECH.

Parts.

1. Out in the storm and the tem - pest, Out on the sea of life; (of life;)  
 2. Dark is the night and I'm wea - ry, Take thou my hand in thine; (in thine;)  
 3. Sweet is the voice of my Pi - lot, Ris - ing a - bove the storm; (the storm;)

BASS AND TEN.

Parts.

Far from a safe, peaceful ha - ven, Wrestling with sin and strife; (and strife;)  
 Keep me, dear Saviour, from drift - ing, Hold me by pow'r di - vine; (divine;)  
 Trust me, my child, in the dark - ness, Brighter will be the morn; (the morn;)

Parts.

Hark, 'tis the voice of my Pi - lot, Ris - ing a - bove the storm; (the storm;)  
 Guide me till o - ver the heav - ens, Breaks the e - ter - nal morn; (the morn;)  
 When the dark shadows have lift - ed, O - ver the o - cean's foam; (the foam;)

Just trust all to me and faith - ful be, I'll pi - lot you safe - ly home. . . .  
 O let me ne'er stray from thee a - way, But pi - lot me safe - ly home. . . .  
 I still will be near with words of cheer, I'll pi - lot you safe - ly home. . . .  
 safe - ly home.

CHORUS.

Pi - - lot me home, . . . safe-ly, O - - ver the foam, . . . Saviour;  
 Pilot me home, Pi - lot me home, O - ver the foam, O - ver the foam, . . .

# Pilot Me Home.—Concluded.

Nev - - er to stray from thee, Pi - - lot me home. . . .  
Nev - er, no, nev - er to stray from thee, Pi - lot me, Sav - iour, O pi - lot me home.

## No. 34. There's Power Enough for Me.

Mrs. C. D. MARTIN.

ADAM GEIBEL.

1. God lov'd the world with all its sin, And Je - sus died up - on the tree
2. To do God's will while here be - low, To ev - er, on - ly Je - sus see,
3. To keep me dai - ly from all wrong, In fel - low-ship with him to be,

To save my soul and make me clean, I know there's pow'r enough for me.  
That I his char - ac - ters may show, I know there's pow'r enough for me.  
To fill my heart with heaven's song, I know there's pow'r enough for me.

### CHORUS.

There's pow'r enough for all, Praise God, his pow'r is free!  
There's pow'r e - nough for all, for all, Prais<sup>3</sup> God, his pow'r is free, so free!

When ev - er for his help I call, I know there's pow'r enough for me.



## No. 36.

## Singing All the Way.

E. E. HEWITT.

J. LINCOLN HALL.



1. Singing in the shadows, singing in the light, Singing in the val-ley, or up-on the height;
2. Singing of his promise never more to fail, Singing of the mercies that for me a-vail;
3. Singing in my gladness, singing in my pain, Faith will set the keynote, love, the sweet refrain;
4. Singing of my Saviour, mel-o-dies of peace, Let the heav'ly carols in my heart increase;



Christ the Lord is with me and he leads a - right; Sing-ing all a-long the way.  
 Of the pow'r that shields me when my foes as-sail, Sing-ing all a-long the way.  
 Naught that Jesus sends me comes to me in vain; Sing-ing all a-long the way.  
 Till I reach the song-land where all discords cease, Sing-ing all a-long the way.



## CHORUS.



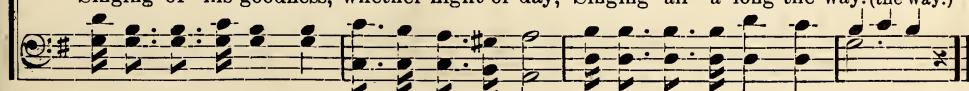
{ Sing-ing when the day is bright, (is bright,) Sing-ing in the shades of night; (of night;)  
 { Sing-ing when the skies are clear, (are clear,) Sing-ing when the path is drear; (is drear;)



Singing in the shadows, I will raise a song, Sing-ing all the way along. (a-long.)



Singing of his goodness, whether night or day, Singing all a-long the way. (the way.)



## No. 37.

## With God in Prayer.

E. E. HEWITT.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. A - mid the stress of fly - ing hours, In joy and pain, in sun and show'rs;
2. When rough the way and hard the fight, I'll gird me with his sav - ing might;
3. When bri - ars spring a - bout my feet, And storms of grief a-round me beat;
4. Then let me not for - get the place, Wherefirst I knew my Saviour's grace;

Oft to the throne, will I re - pair, To be a - lone with God in pray'r.  
 And to his throne my load I'll bear, And com - fort gain with God in pray'r.  
 I'll drop my load of sin and care, And find re - lief with God in pray'r.  
 Un - til the crown of life I wear, I'll go a - lone with God in pray'r.

CHORUS.

A - lone with God, . . . with God in pray'r, . . . What bless - ed  
 A - lone with God, with God in pray'r,

peace. . . . a - waits me there; . . . Till I shall walk. . . . the heav'nly  
 What blessed peace awaits me there; Till I shall walk

ways. . . . Where pray'r shall be. . . . transformed to praise!  
 the heav'n - ly ways, Where pray'r shall be

## No. 38.

## My Heritage.

G. H. C.

GEORGE H. CARR.



1. I'm a child of no - ble kinship To the Lord and King divine, I'm an heir to his do-  
 2. Fire and flood may sweep around me, Bring disaster in their course, My possessions are pro-  
 3. Whom so rich that I should envy? Worldly wealth must pass away; All must vanish to the



minions, And his boundless wealth is mine; All the wealth of full sal - va - tion, All the  
 tect - ed From destruction's mighty force; Safe-ly in God's care, unceas - ing Guarded  
 unknown At the close of life's brief day; My es-tate is for the a - ges Reaching



joy that he can give, All the gladness of his presence, Are my portion while I live.  
 by his might, secure; Need I wor - ry for the future? Nay, my her - i - tage is sure.  
 o'er the boundless space; Fair with glories of the unseen, Thro' the riches of God's grace.



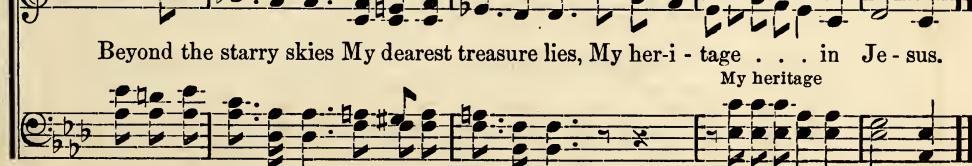
CHORUS.



My her - i - tage, . . . the gift of Father's love, My heritage . . . extends to realms above;  
 My heritage. My heritage



Beyond the starry skies My dearest treasure lies, My her - i - tage . . . in Je - sus.  
 My heritage



## No. 39.

## Always.

G. H. C.

GEORGE H. CARR.



1. When you need a friend to help you In your troub-le and, dis-tress, And your  
 2. Oth - er friends may fail when need-ed, Thro' their lack of pow'r to aid, For they  
 3. For the poor he has a kingdom, For the saddened pur - est joy, For the



life seems hedg'd about you Like a tan - gled wil - derness; There is One who hov - ers  
 oft - en meet with failure Aft - er earn - est effort made; But the Christ of might e -  
 rich with greater longings, Heav'ly gold with-out al - loy; To the world he is a



near you, He will lead you from the maze, O'er the saf - est way to peace al - ways.  
 ter - nal, Lord of all thro' endless days, Can sup - ply your ev - 'ry need al - ways.  
 Sav - iour, Lord of glo - ry, let us praise; Je - sus is our bless - ed hope al - ways.  
 always.



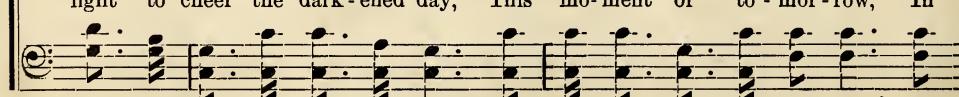
CHORUS.



Al - ways, he's the one to help you on your way; Al - ways, he's the



light to cheer the dark - ened day, This mo - ment or to - mor - row, In



# Always.—Concluded.

time of joy or sor - row, He's the tru - est friend to have al - ways. (al-ways.)

## No. 40. The Church in the Wildwood.

W. S. P.

Dr. Wm. S. PITTS.

1. There's a church in the val - ley by the wild - wood, No love - li - er  
2. How sweet on a bright Sab - bath morn - ing To list to the  
3. There, close by the church in the val - ley, Lies one that I  
4. There, close by the side of that loved one, 'Neath the tree where the

place in the dale; No spot is so dear to my child - hood As the  
clear ring - ing bell; Its tones so sweet - ly are call - ing, O  
loved so well; She sleeps, sweetly sleeps, 'neath the wil - low; Dis -  
wild flowers bloom, When the fare - well hymn shall be chant - ed, I shall

D.S.—No spot is so dear to my child - hood As the  
FINE. CHORUS.

lit - tle brown church in the vale.  
come to the church in the vale.  
turb not her rest in the vale. }  
rest by her side in the tomb. } O come, come, come, come, come, come,  
lit - tle brown church in the vale.

church by the wild - wood, O come to the church in the dale;  
come, come;

## No. 41. You Can Have the Pentecost Now.

E. E. HEWITT.

J. LINCOLN HALL.



1. God's al-might - y pow'r Is the same this hour As is days of long a - go;
2. Just sur-ren - der all At your Saviour's call, Glad to be his ver - y own;
3. Take him for your guide, In his love a - bide, Let him lead as he may choose;



Plead his prom-ise still, Yielding to his will, He the bless-ing will be-stow. Wait on him in pray'r, Cast on him your care, Trusting in the Lord a - lone. Seek - ing mer - cies new, Pray that he may you In his bless-ed serv - ice use.



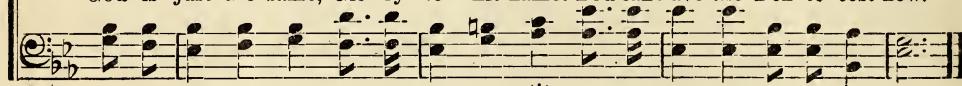
CHORUS.



You can have the pen-te - cost now, As in pray'r you trustful - ly bow; just now, hal-le - lu - jah,



God is just the same, Glo - ry to his name! You can have the Pen-te - cost now.



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## No. 42.

## Something for Jesus.

S. D. PHELPS, D. D.

ROBERT LOWRY, D. D.



1. Sav - iour, thy dy - ing love Thou gav - est me, Nor should I
2. At the blest mer - cy - seat, Plead - ing for me, My fee - ble
3. Give me a faith - ful heart, — Like - ness to thee, — That each de -
4. All that I am and have, — Thy gifts so free, — In joy, in



G. M. S.

# Something for Jesus.—Concluded.

aught with-hold, Dear Lord, from thee: In love my soul would bow,  
 faith looks up, Je - sus, to thee: Help me the cross to bear,  
 part - ing day Hence - forth may see Some work of love be - gun,  
 grief, thro' life, Dear Lord for thee! And when thy face I see,

My heart ful - fil its vow, Some off'ring bring thee now, Something for thee.  
 Thy wondrous love de - clare, Some song to raise, or pray'r, Something for thee.  
 Some deed of kind - ness done, Some wand'rer sought and won, Something for thee.  
 My ransomed soul shall be, Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty, Something for thee.

## No. 43.

### Over the Border Line.

JAMES ROWE.

HALDOR LILLENAS.

1. O - ver the border line waiting for me, Ev - er in fan - cy, sweet fac - es I see;
2. O - ver the border line, hand clasping hand, Happy are they on the beau - ti - ful strand;
3. O - ver the border line, come hap - py day, When with my Lord I shall hasten a - way;

FINE.

Glad as the morning and pur-er than snow, Loved ones I missed in the long, long a - go.  
 There with the ransomed ones happy and blest, Sweetly they sing of the one they love best.  
 In - to that country where tears never flow, Joining the loved ones I missed long a - go.

D.S.—Soon by the grace of the one I a - dore, I shall be with them for ev - er more.

CHORUS.

D.S.

O - ver the border line, waiting are they, Crowned with the light of e - ter - nal day.

## No. 44.

## Let the People Say "Amen."

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. We be-lieve, O Lord, in the Ho - ly Ghost, And we pray that this hour  
 2. There are thirst-y souls in thy presence, Lord, Who on thee plead-ing call;  
 3. We have wait-ed long for the flood to come, Let the show'r now de-scend;

He will un - to us in his full-ness come, In a Pen - te - cost - al show'r.  
 O - pen wide the gates of the clouds of grace, Let the show'r of bless - ing fall.  
 And a - noint us all for thy serv - ice, Lord, While the pray'rs and praises blend.

## CHORUS.

Then let all the people gladly say "Amen," Then let all the people gladly say "Amen;"

If you want the Pentecost - al pow'r to fall, Let the peo - ple say "A - men."  
 "A-men."

If you want the Pentecost - al pow'r to fall, Let the peo - ple say "A - men."  
 "A-men."

No. 45.

# Have Thine Own Way, Lord.

G. A. C.

(To my friends of Greenville, Pa.)

G. A. COLLIN.

DUET AND CHORUS.



1. Have thine own way, O Sav-iour di - vine; Take thou and seal it, this poor heart of mine;
2. Have thine own way, Lord, mine will not do, If I triumph-ant in thee would go thro';
3. Have thine own way, Lord! oh, let me prove All of thy boundless, in - ef - fa - ble love;
4. Have thine own way, Lord! here at thy feet Help me to make my sur-ren-der com - plete;



*ritard.*



Wash me from sin, Lord, thy blood doth atone; Wash me and make me for- ev - er thine own.  
Choos-ing thy will, oh, help me to say, "Have thine own way, Lord, have thine own way!"  
Let me die out to the world and its pride, Die to my-self, Lord, with thee cru-o-i-fied!  
Thou I would fol-low—the paths thou hast trod, Thou my Re-deem-er, my Lord, and my God!



CHORUS.



Have thine own way, Lord! have thine own way! Glad-ly my all on thy al - tar I lay!



*ritard.*



"Take me and break me," make me thine own! In me thy might-y pow-er make known!



## No. 46.

## Jesus is His Name.

A. A. PAYN.

C. AUSTIN MILES.



1. There's a Friend who waits to save thee, Who will nev - er, nev - er leave thee,  
 2. Not a tri - al or temp-ta - tion Can re-move his great sal - va - tion,  
 3. Come to him and find a bless - ing, Ev - 'ry gift thy soul pos - sess - ing,



To save thy soul he left his home on high; Ev - 'ry bless - ing he'll pro-vide thee,  
 But he will near - er draw in sor - row's hour; There is noth-ing can confound thee,  
 Shall free - ly come from out his boundless store; Come to him and he will take thee,



Noth-ing e - vil shall be-tide thee, But home to heav'n he'll take thee, by and by.  
 For his lov - ing arm a-round thee, Shall save thy soul from sin - ning by his pow'er.  
 Nev - er-more will he for - sake thee, And you will learn to love him more and more.



## CHORUS.



I've a Friend who will nev - er leave thee, I've a Friend who will nev - er grieve thee,



He's a Friend who knows all a - bout thee, But he loves thee just the same;



# Jesus is His Name.—Concluded.

When you call him he will ev - er hear thee, When you need him he is ev - er  
near thee; It will be your joy to serve him, For Je - sus is his name.

## No. 47. When the Light Came In.

G. H. C.

GEORGE H. CARR.

1. My soul was lost, the way was drear, There was no wel-come light, Till Je - sus  
2. He fed my soul, he calm'd my fear, New courage day by day I gain'd from  
3. The world seem'd bright, my hopes grew strong, While he was near to bless, And na - ture

CHORUS.

came my heart to cheer, And ban - ish all the night. } { When the light came in,  
him for he was near, To lead me all the way. } { All is peace with-in,  
sang a sweet-er song In won-drous ten-der-ness. }

All the gloom went out And my soul was fill'd with glo - ry; }  
Naught to fear without, That is why I tell (Omit.....) } the sto - ry.

## No. 48.

## Hear the Call.

G. H. C.

GEORGE H. CARR.

1. Hear the tramp, tramp of the ar-my battling for the right; See the brave souls struggling
2. See the prince of darkness and his hosts despoil the land, See the aw-ful carnage
3. Time is quickly fleeting, soon will come the pall of night; Must we lose the bat-tle,

in the thickest of the fight; Hear the call for vol-un-teers, for valiant men of might; of his work on ev'-ry hand; Must he vic-tor be, for lack of men to take their stand with a vic-to-ry in sight; See our Gallant Captain with his weapons gleaming bright;

## CHORUS.

Then a-way to the fray, hear the call! }  
With the sword for the Lord, hear the call! }  
Why de-lay? Come to-day, hear the call! }

Hear the call!

Hear the call!

Hear the call!

Hear the call!

Haste to meet the mighty foe, Nev-er fal-ter as you go;

Hear the call!

Hear the call!

Hear the call

To the thickest of the fight for God!

Hear the call!

Hear the call

## No. 49.

## The Wedding Robe.

Rev. C. H. W.

Rev. C. H. WOOLSTON.



1. In the Lamb's bright hall, There's a feast for all, 'Tis the marriage of the King's dear
2. If you on - ly believe, Your soul shall re-ceive, For redemption's work for you is
3. Now the feast is free, There's a call for thee, 'Tis a call from the King's dear
4. All the sav'd will be there, Come, their glory to share, For the race of life will soon be



Son; Come, ye wea-ry one, Come, ye la-den one, Put on the Wedding Robe.  
 done; Come, ye wea-ry one, Come, ye la-den one, Put on the Wedding Robe.  
 Son; Come, ye wea-ry one, Come, ye la-den one, Put on the Wedding Robe.  
 run; Come, ye wea-ry one, Come, ye la-den one, Put on the Wedding Robe.



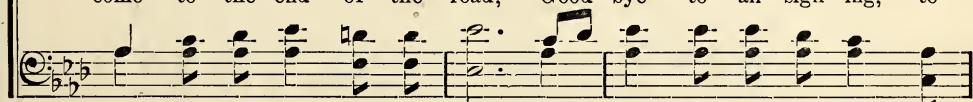
## CHORUS.



The bells will be ringing, There'll be shouting, there'll be singing, When I



come to the end of the road; Good - bye to all sigh - ing, to



sin - ning and to dy - ing, When I put on the Wedding Robe.



## No. 50. Casting Your Care Upon Jesus.

Rev. JOHN D. C. HANNA, D. D.

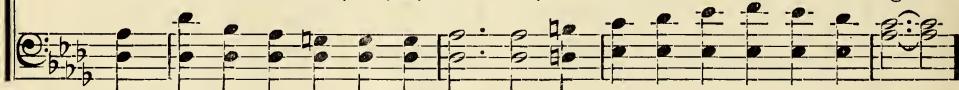
W.M. T. MEYER.



1. O what shall I do with my bur - dens? I nev - er can bear them a - lone;
2. I trem - ble a - mid ghostly shad - ows, The val - ley is lone - ly and drear;
3. I'm sick and so help - less and wea - ry, The pain I no lon - ger can bear;
4. Death lays his cold hand on my lov'd ones, They en - ter the mansions of light;



My friends can do lit - tle to help me, They've burdens to bear of their own.  
 No light breaks the gloom on my pathway, Can no one give comfort and cheer?  
 I pray to the great Burden-Bear - er Who promised my tri - als to share.  
 'Tis bet - ter for them, but, my Sav - iour, I stum - ble a - lone in the night.



CHORUS.



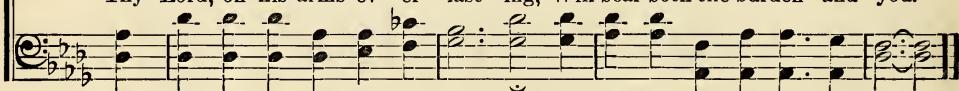
Cast dai - ly your care up - on Je - sus, 'Tis Je - sus that car - eth for you;



rit.



Thy Lord, on his arms ev - er - last - ing, Will bear both the burden and you.



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## No. 51. There is no Name so Sweet on Earth.

GEORGE W. BETHUNE.

(THE BLESSED NAME.)

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.



1. There is no name so sweet on earth, No name so dear in heav - en,
2. 'Twas Ga - briel first that did proclaim, To his most bless - ed moth - er,
3. And when he hung up - on the tree, They wrote his name a - bove him,
4. So now up - on his Father's throne, Al - might - y to re - lieve us



# There is no Name so Sweet on Earth.—Concluded.

FINE.

S:



As that be - fore his wondrous birth To Christ the Sav - iour giv - en.  
 That name which now and ev - er - more We praise a - bove all oth - er.  
 That all might see the rea - son we For ev - er - more must love him.  
 From sin and pains, he ev - er reigns The Prince and Sav - iour Je - sus.

D.S.—For there's no word ear ev - er heard So dear, so sweet as Je - sus.

CHORUS.

D.S.



## No. 52.

### All for Me.

L. S. L.

LIDA SHIVERS LEECH.



1. Je - sus my Sav - iour came from on high, Dy - ing for you, dy - ing for me;
2. Where the bright an - gels e'er sing his praise, 'Round the white throne, 'round the white throne;
3. What can I do my Lord to re - pay, On Calv'ry's tree, dy - ing for me;



Sin - ful, un - wor - thy though I may be, All this he did for me.  
 Me from the depths, he came down to raise, Claiming me as his own.  
 I'll trust thee, Lord, and e'er faith-ful be, This will I do for thee.



D.S.—Left a bright home a crown and a throne, All this he did for me.

CHORUS.

D.S.



Won - der - ful sto - ry, how can it be, Je - sus has died for you and for me;



## No. 53.

## Claim God's Power.

G. H. C.

GEORGE H. CARR.



1. I've found the way to vic-t'ry o'er fail-ure and de-feat, I've found the way to  
 2. I know I'm weak and sin-ful, there's nothing good in me, A - part from grace, re -  
 3. His strength is my pro-tec-tion, His love, a sooth-ing balm, His Word is my as -



con - quer temp - ta - tions that I meet; So now I'm al - ways read - y, my  
 deem-ing, de -feat - ed I would be; But Christ is al -ways will - ing to  
 sur - ance, his presence keeps me calm; So trust - ing in his promise, in



cour-age at its best, To bravely meet what-ev-er comes; my fears are all at rest.  
 help me in my need, So in the time of deep distress, his prom- is - es I plead.  
 hap - pi - ness or woe, I've learned the truth that makes me free, and this one thing I know:



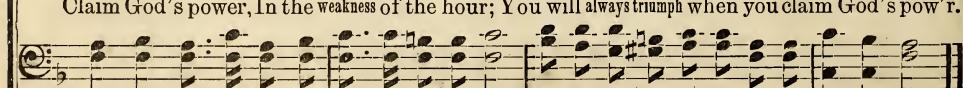
CHORUS.



Claim God's pow'r and you'll conquer ev'ry foe, Marching to vict'ry wherev - er you go;



Claim God's power, In the weakness of the hour; You will always triumph when you claim God's pow'r.



## No. 54.

## I Am Coming Home.

BENJAMIN GREENE.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. I once was led by Sa-tan's wiles, Thro' val-leys dark to roam; My heart was  
 2. The cru - el bonds of e-vil's yoke, Gripped me with sin-born hold; But when the  
 3. "Come un-to me" King Je-sus said, For you I did a-tone; In past-ures  
 4. From day to day I now re-joice, And trust in him a-lone; O don't you

won by Je-sus smiles; And now I'm com-ing home, And now I'm com-ing home.  
 lov-ing Je-sus spoke; I sought the shepherd's fold, I sought the shepherd's fold.  
 green you shall be led; Dear, wand'ring child, come home. Dear, wand'ring child, come home.  
 hear his ten-der voice? He's calling you "Come home," He's calling you "Come home."

CHORUS.

I am coming home for pardon, I am coming home to day; I am coming back to

Je-sus, In the good old gos-pel way; I am com-ing home for pardon, I am

coming home to day; I am coming back to Je-sus, In the good old gospel way.

## No. 55.

## The Old Gospel Story.

BENJAMIN GREENE.

*Slowly.*

RUSSELL HANCOCK MILES.



1. Have you heard the gos - pel sto - ry Which is publish'd all a-round, How King Je-sus  
 2. I have met with Paul at Athens, Up on Mar's his-tor - ic hill, Where he told the  
 3. I have heard the message oft - en From the lips of ho - ly men, But my longing



saves poor sinners, Whereso - ev - er they are found? It's the best old gos - pel sto - ry  
 gos - pel sto - ry, I can hear its ech - oes still; It's the best old gos - pel sto - ry  
 heart is thirsting Just to hear it told a - gain; It's the best old gos - pel sto - ry



## REFRAIN.



Have you heard it? Have you heard it? 'Tis the sto - ry of the  
 Have you heard it? Have you heard it?



Man of Gal - i - lee; Gal - i - lee; And I nev - er, nev - er wea - ry,

# The Old Gospel Story.—Concluded.

When I hear it o'er and o'er, How Je-sus speaks and men go free. (go free.)

## No. 56.

### A Song in My Heart.

G. H. C.

GEORGE H. CARR.

1. There's a song in my heart like a foretaste of heav'n, And it lightens each load that I bear;  
2. When it comes in the morning or comes in the night, It is like song of birds in the spring;  
3. O it comes when I'm anxious, it comes in my peace, Yes, it comes both in sickness and health;

For it sweetens the most bitter cup that I drink, And it drives far a-way many a care.  
And it cheers lonely hours all thro' many a day, As its pure notes of joyousness ring.  
And it comes when I woo it, unbidden more oft, When it enters my heart's door by stealth.

CHORUS.

The joy of the Lord puts a song in my soul And it's mu-sic is sweet mel-o-dy;

Its rap-tur-ous prais-es my sens-es enthral, Sing on, O di-vine har-mo-ny!

No. 57

## Love Knows the Way.

GEORGE H. CARR.

G. H. CARR.  
only  
ET.

1. Love knows the way thro' wil - der - ness, To reach the soul in sin - ful -  
 2. Love knows the way to heart of grief Obscured in clouds of un - be -  
 3. Love knows the way o'er mountain crags, To give new life when cour - age  
 4. Love knows the way that Je - sus trod, Sub-mis - sive to the will of



ness; And bars and locks must fall a - part When Love knocks at the sinner's heart.  
 lief; And sunshine takes the place of gloom, When Love comes in and makes its home.  
 lags; The hard - est tests you may withstand Sup - port - ed by Love's guiding hand.  
 God; It takes the cross and wends the way To death to self, its Cal - va - ry.



\* CHORUS.



Love knows the way, Love knows the way, Thro' darkest night or stormy day;  
 knows the way, knows the way, darkest night, stormy day;



Love's guiding voice can nev - er err, So fol - low Love and nev - er fear.  
 guid-ing voice, nev - er err,



\* Can be used as Soprano and Tenor Duet, or Four-part Chorus.

# No. 58. Don't You Hear Him Knocking?

C. A. M.

*Con express.*

C. AUSTIN MILES.



1. There is One who stands up-on the threshold, And his eyes with tears o'er-flow;
2. In his hand he bears the lamp of mer - ey, On his brow he bears your shame;
3. Keep the spark di - vine with-in you burn-ing, Lest it leave your soul at last;



Will you keep him in the darkness wait-ing, Must he then in sad-ness go?  
You may close your door and leave him wait-ing, But he gen-tly calls your name.  
And you find when you the door have o - pened, That your time to yield is past.



## CHORUS.



Dont you hear him knocking, knocking? Don't you hear him  
don't you hear don't you hear



call - ing, call - ing? If you grieve him now he may leave you now; Don't you



hear your King? He is knocking, knock-ing at your door.  
knocking, knocking, knocking at your door.



# No. 59. Standing, Knocking, Pleading.

(“O Jesus, thou art standing” may be used if desired.)

W. T. A.

WALTER T. ADAMS.

ALTO OR BARITONE SOLO.

1. Be - hold the Sav - iour stand - ing, With thorn-en - cir - cled brow,  
2. That Saviour now is knock - ing At thy heart's fast-clos'd door,  
3. Thy Saviour stands, O sin - ner, And pleads with thee to - night,

His hands all scarr'd by nail - prints, In an - guish see him bow;  
With love which pass - eth know - ledge, How oft he's knock'd be - fore;  
How pa - tient - ly he wait - eth To make thy path - way bright;

O heed his ten - der plead - ing, “Come, wea - ry and dis - tress'd,  
And will you still re - ject him, His ten - der love de - plore?  
With nail-pierr'd hand he knock - eth, And pleads “give me thy heart;”

# Standing, Knocking, Pleading.—Concluded.

Come, all ye heav - y la - den, And I will give you rest."  
He waits thy heart to en - ter, With pa-tience knocks once more.  
O bid the Sav - iour en - ter, And nev - er more de - part.

NOTE.—If a chorus is desired use stanzas of next number, "Knocking, Knocking, Who is There?"

## No. 60. Knocking, Knocking, Who is There?

Mrs. H. B. STOWE, arr.

GEO. F. Root.

1. Knocking, knocking, who is there? Waiting, waiting, O how fair!  
2. Knocking, knocking, still he's there; Waiting, waiting, wondrous fair;  
3. Knocking, knocking,—what! Still there? Waiting, waiting, grand and fair;

'Tis a Pil - grim strange and king - ly, Nev - er such was seen be - fore;  
But the door is hard to o - pen, For the weeds and i - vy-vine  
Yes, the pierc - ed hand still knock - eth, And be -neath the crown - ed hair

Ah! My soul, for such a won - der Wilt thou not un - do the door?  
With their dark and cling-ing ten - drils Ev - er round the hing - es twine.  
Beam the pa - tient eyes, so ten - der, Of thy Sav - iour wait-ing there.

# No. 61. Perhaps I am Nearer Home than I Think.

H. L.

HALDOR LILLENAS.

1. Per -haps the bells of evening, That ring in the twilight hour, That soft - ly chime their  
 2. Per -haps the gates of glo - ry, That glit - ter as diamonds bright, Shall soon to me be  
 3. Per -haps the thron e - ter - nal, As white as the driv - en snow, Fair as the summer  
 4. Per -haps the ma - ny mansions, That rise in ce - les - tial air, Will soon un - fold their

mu - sic, With mel-low, en-trancing pow'r; Are peal-ing forth the an - them Of a  
 o - pened, While shadows will take their flight; Perhaps the fields su - per - nal, Soon shall  
 morn-ing, Is near - er than I know; Per -haps the waves of glo - ry, Roll-ing  
 beau - ty, Dis - clos-ing their treasures rare; Per -haps the One I've worshiped, And have

day that soon shall close, And aft - er the day of la - bor, Comes home and sweet repose.  
 to my gaze un - fold, Where sweet scented flowers flourish, Be-side the streets of gold.  
 on the tideless shore, Are near - er than I may fan - cy, Much near-er than be-fore.  
 loved these ma-ny years, Will soon speak his words of welcom, And wipe a - way all tears.

REFRAIN.

2

{ Perhaps I am nearer home, Near-er than I think, It may be my sun begins to set;  
 { Perhaps I am nearer home, Soon shall reach the goal, Omit.....  
 nearer home, I think,

I may be near the brink; Soon in the distance I may see, The homeland of the soul.  
 near the brink;

No. 62.

# The Lord Knows What is Best

G. H. C.

GEORGE H. CARR.

1. I know not where the Lord may lead, Per-haps o'er untried steeps, But this I  
2. I know not what the Lord may bring, Per-haps a bit-ter trial, His might-y  
3. I know not what the fu-ture holds, Ob-scur-i-ty or fame, It mat-ters

know, he loves me so, A watch o'er me he keeps; So trust-ing in his  
pow'r thro' ev-ry hour Sus-tains me all the while; So trust-ing in his  
not what-e'er my lot, If I ex-alt his name; So trust-ing in his

guid-ing hand, I seek to gain the crest, Con-tent to fol-low where he leads,  
wondrous grace, Whatev-er be the test, My faith un-shak-en shall re-main,  
will for me, My heart hath found its rest, My soul is rich-ly sat-is-fied,

CHORUS. *a tempo.*

The Lord knows what is best. The Lord knows what is best, The Lord knows what is

best,

best; It mat-ters not what-e'er my lot, The Lord knows what is best.

## No. 63.

## Keep Up Courage.

G. H. C.

GEORGE H. CARR.

4/4 time signature, key of G major. Treble and bass staves. The bass staff uses a bass clef and a C-clef. The treble staff uses a G-clef. The music consists of a series of eighth-note chords.

1. When-ev - er you are tempted by some be - set - ting sin, And fiercer grows the  
 2. When-ev - er sor - rows heav - y or bur - dens seem to crush, A - mid a life's stern  
 3. A might - y grow-ing ar - my, the church of Christ arrayed, A - waits the fi - nal

4/4 time signature, key of G major. Treble and bass staves. The bass staff uses a bass clef and a C-clef. The treble staff uses a G-clef. The music consists of a series of eighth-note chords.

conflict, the mas - ter - y to win; Just breathe a si - lent pray'r to God and  
 du - ties and la - bor with its rush; De - pend up - on the Lord to lift with  
 tri - umph that oft - en seems de-layed; But God thro' his un - chang-ing Word has

4/4 time signature, key of G major. Treble and bass staves. The bass staff uses a bass clef and a C-clef. The treble staff uses a G-clef. The music consists of a series of eighth-note chords.

4/4 time signature, key of G major. Treble and bass staves. The bass staff uses a bass clef and a C-clef. The treble staff uses a G-clef. The music consists of a series of eighth-note chords.

fight the bat - tle out, His might - y pow'r a - vails for you, the en - e - my to rout.  
 his un - tir - ing hand, So willingly stretch'd forth to help whene'er your needs demand.  
 promis'd vic - to - ry, Tho' earth shoul'd cease, his plan abides throughout eter - ni - ty.

4/4 time signature, key of G major. Treble and bass staves. The bass staff uses a bass clef and a C-clef. The treble staff uses a G-clef. The music consists of a series of eighth-note chords.

CHORUS.

4/4 time signature, key of G major. Treble and bass staves. The bass staff uses a bass clef and a C-clef. The treble staff uses a G-clef. The music consists of a series of eighth-note chords.

Keep up cour - age! The fight is al - most won; Keep up cour - age!

4/4 time signature, key of G major. Treble and bass staves. The bass staff uses a bass clef and a C-clef. The treble staff uses a G-clef. The music consists of a series of eighth-note chords.

The day will soon be done; New faith in God se - cur - ing, Your

4/4 time signature, key of G major. Treble and bass staves. The bass staff uses a bass clef and a C-clef. The treble staff uses a G-clef. The music consists of a series of eighth-note chords.

# Keep Up Courage.—Concluded.

strength will e'er en - dure, So keep up cour-age, the vic - to - ry is sure.

## No. 64.

### Song of Redemption.

BENJAMIN GREENE.

RUSSELL HANCOCK MILES.

1. There's a song which I love to be sing - ing, What Je-sus has done for my soul;  
2. The song which I sing is much sweeter Than the tune which the angels be-gin;  
3. I will sing the sweet song of redemp-tion, While here on this plan-et be - low;

I think I can hear joy bells ringing, O sinner, his blood makes you whole.  
Their mu-sic has not the same me-ter, They know not the bondage of sin.  
The grace of my Saviour I'll mention, That caused me his likeness to know.

CHORUS.

*rit.*

A song of redemp-tion I'll sing, Of pardon thro' Jesus, my King; Whose  
I'll sing, my King;

blood made me whole, whose love fills my soul, 'Til the arches of heaven shall ring.  
heaven shall ring.

# No. 65. Scatter Seeds of Kindness.

Mrs. ALBERT SMITH.

S. J. VAIL.



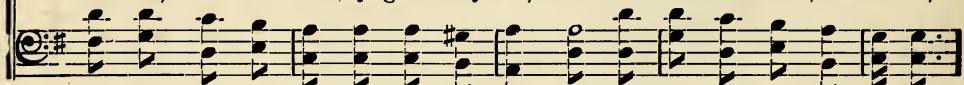
1. Let us gather up the sunbeams Ly-ing all around our path; Let us keep the  
 2. Strange we never prize the music Till the sweet-voiced bird has flown! Strange that we should  
 3. If we knew the ba-by fingers, Pressed against the window-pane, Would be cold and  
 4. Ah! Those lit-tle ice-cold fingers, How they point our mem'ries back To the has-ty



wheat and ros-es, Cast-ing out the thorns and chaff; Let us find our sweetest  
 slight the violets Till the love-ly flow'rs are gone! Strange that summer skies and  
 stiff to-morrow Nev-er trou-ble us a-gain—Would the bright eyes of our  
 words and actions Strewn a-long our backward track! How these lit-tle hands re-



com-fort In the blessings of to-day, With a patient hand re-mov-ing  
 sun-shine Nev-er seem one-half so fair, As when winter's snow-y pinions  
 dar-ling Catch the frown up-on our brow? Would the prints of ros-y fingers  
 mind us, As in snow-y grace they lie, Not to scat-ter thorns, but ros-es,



## CHORUS.



All the bri-ars from the way.  
 Shake the white down in the air.  
 Vex us then as they do now. } Then scatter seeds of kindness, Then scatter seeds of  
 For our reap-ing by and by.



*ad lib.*



kindness, Then scatter seeds of kindness, For our reaping by and by.

## No. 66.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

## Over and Over.

E. ALONZO CASSELBERRY.

1. O - ver and o - ver, I'm tempted and tried, Trou - bled and tossed on the  
 2. O - ver and o - ver, for - giv - ness I see, Bought by a spearthruston  
 3. O - ver and o - ver, the bil - lows may roll, Whelming in sor - row my

worlds chill - y tide; But when I gaze on my King, cru - ci - fied,  
 Cal - va - ry's tree; Won - der of won - ders that yet can there be,  
 once sin - ful soul; I stand se - cure in my Sav - iour's con - trol,

## CHORUS.

Strength for my need is sup - plied. . . . .  
 Par - don for sin - ners like me. . . . . } O - ver and o - ver I  
 Whose dy - ing love makes me whole. . . . .  
 1. sup - plied. this

hear. . . . . "I have the world o - ver - come; . . . . . Liv - ing or  
 message i hear, o - ver come;

dy - ing my soul will not fear, Je - sus will bring me safe home. . . . .  
 will bring me safe home.

## No. 67.

## I Am Listening.

W. S. M.

W. S. MARSHALL.

1. Do you hear the Saviour call - ing, By the woo-ings of his voice? Do you hear the
2. By his Spir - it he is woo - ing, Softly draw-ing us to him, Thro' the day and
3. By the Word of truth he's speak-ing To the wand'ring, erring ones; List! the voice the
4. In his prov - i - den - tial dealings, E - ven in his stern decrees In the loud - est

REFRAIN.

accents falling? Will you make the precious choice?  
 night pur-su - ing, With his gen- tle voice to win. }  
 stillness breaking! Hear the sweet and solemn tones. }  
 thunders pealing, Or the murmur-ring of the breeze. }

Repeat softly.

Just to hear the accents fall; I am list'ning, O I'm list'ning To the Saviour's gentle call.

## No. 68. I'm On a Shining Pathway.

JOHN HOGARTH LOZIER.  
SOLO OR CHORUS.

1. I am on the shin - ing path - way, A - down life's short'ning years,
2. My soul has had its con - flicts With might - y hosts of sin;
3. I am com - ing near the cit - y My Sav - iour's hands have piled,

And my heart hath known its sor - rows, Mine eyes have seen their tears;  
 With dead - ly foes with - out me, And dead - lier foes with - in;  
 And I know my Fa - ther's wait - ing To wel - come home his child;

# I'm On a Shining Pathway.—Concluded.

cres.

But I saw those shad - ows flee, And the shin - ing light I see,  
 But I saw those le - gions flee, And my soul found vic - to - ry,  
 For un - wor - thy tho' I be, He will find a place for me,

While I'm trust - ing in the mer - it Of the Man cf Gal - i - lee.  
 When I trust - ed in the mer - it Of the Man of Gal - i - lee.  
 For he is the King of glo - ry— The Man of Gal - i - lee.

## No. 69. Let the Lower Lights Be Burning.

P. P. B.

P. P. BLISS.

1. Brightly beams our Father's mercy From his lighthouse ever-more. But to us he gives the
2. Dark the night of sin has settled, Loud the an - gry billows roar; Eager eyes are watching,
3. Trim your feeble lamp, my brother: Some poor sailor tempest toss'd, Trying now to make the

CHORUS.

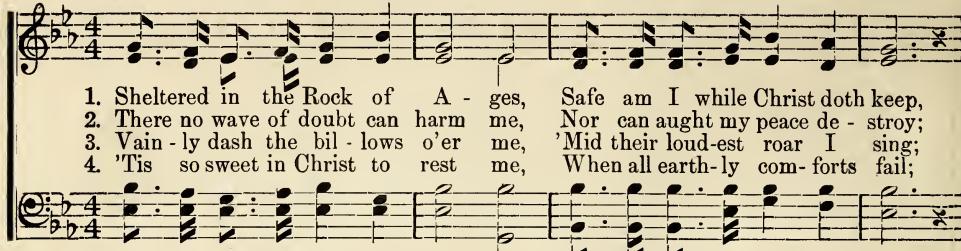
keeping Of the lights a-long the shore. } longing, For the lights a-long the shore. } Let the low - er lights be burning! Send a  
 har - bor, In the darkness may be lost. }

gleam across the wave! Some poor fainting struggling seaman You may rescue, you may save.

## No. 70. Sheltered in the Rock of Ages.

ERNEST G. W. WESLEY.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN BUTTS.



1. Sheltered in the Rock of A - ges, Safe am I while Christ doth keep,  
2. There no wave of doubt can harm me, Nor can aught my peace de - stroy;  
3. Vain - ly dash the bil - lows o'er me, 'Mid their loud-est roar I sing;  
4. 'Tis so sweet in Christ to rest me, When all earth-ly com - forts fail;

I can smile when tem - pest rag - es, Guard-ed by my Lord, I sleep.  
Kept am I when storms as - sail me, Nor can anx-iou-s care an - noy.  
Tho' the thun-ders crash a - round me, To the winds my fears I fling.  
He doth ev - er cheer and bless me, Faith in him doth e'er pre - vail.

CHORUS.

Sheltered in the Rock of A - ges, Sheltered in the Rock, Sheltered in the Rock,

I am safe when tem - pest rag - es, Sheltered in the Rock di - vine.

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## No. 71. Christ will Never Fail.

E. G. W. WESLEY.

Unison.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN BUTTS.



1. Tho' my feet in - eline to stray, Christ will nev - er fail; He will keep me  
2. Tho' my faith be sore - ly tried, Christ will nev - er fail; Still he doth with  
3. Tho' my doubting heart may fear, Christ will nev - er fail; Tri - als make his  
4. Tho' all friends my soul for-sake, Christ will nev - er fail; Of his love I  
5. Tho' in self so weak am I, Christ will nev - er fail; He is faith-ful,

# Christ will Never Fail.—Concluded.

## CHORUS.

in his way, Christ will nev - er fail.  
me a - bide, Christ will nev - er fail.  
love more dear, Christ will nev - er fail.  
still par - take, Christ will nev - er fail.  
ev - er nigh, Christ will nev - er fail.

Christ will nev - er fail,  
Nev-er, nev-er will he fail, Christ will never fail.

## No. 72. Blest Be the Tie that Binds.

Written at the State Sunday-School Convention, Duluth, Minn., March, 1913.

JOHN FAWCETT.

(LOCKER. S. M.)

ADAM GEIBEL.

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris - tian love:  
2. Be - fore our Fa - ther's throne We pour our ar - dent prayers;  
3. We share our mu - tual woes, Our mu - tual bur - dens bear;  
4. When we a - sun - der part, It gives us in - ward pain;

The fel - low-ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.  
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our com - forts and our cares.  
And oft - en for each oth - er flows The sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.  
But we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet a - gain.

## No. 73.

## I Am Looking Upward.

H. L.

HALDOR LILLENAS.

1. I have fixed my eyes on the things on high, Earth has no attraction for me;
2. I have ceased to look on the gloom-y side, For the sun is shin - ing still;
3. Earthly treasures seem to have lost their charm, Treasures I have lain up a - bove;

Heav'n has drawing pow'r, and by and by  
God is o - ver all, what - e're be - tide,  
Safe I lean up - on the might - y arm,

I its gates of pearl shall see.  
I am safe with - in his will.  
Of the God of grace and love.

CHORUS.

I am looking upward, upward, upward, I am looking upward to my home on high;

I am looking up - ward, up - ward, up - ward, Far beyond the star - ry sky.

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## No. 74. From Every Stormy Wind that Blows.

HUGH STOWELL.

THOMAS HASTINGS.

1. From ev - 'ry storm - y wind that blows, From ev - 'ry swell - ing tide of woes,
2. There is a place where Je - susshed The oil of glad - ness on our heads;
3. There is a scene where spir - its blend, Where friend holds fel-low-ship with friend;
4. There, there on ea - gle wings we soar, And sin and sense mo - lest no more

G. M. 8.

# From Every Stormy Wind that Blows.—Concluded.

There is a calm, a sure re-treat; 'Tis found be - neath the mer - ey - seat.  
A place than all be-sides more sweet; It is the blood-bought mer - ey - seat.  
Though sundered far, by faith they meet, A-round one com-mon mer - ey - seat.  
And heav'n comes down our souls to greet, While glo-ry crowns the mer - ey - seat.

## No. 75. Take Jesus Home with You.

E. E. HEWITT.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Remem - ber when leaving God's temple be - low, There is a promise true;  
2. If you have received a sweet blessing of grace, Let it not soon de - part;  
3. If joy - ful your soul in the courts of the King, Leave him not when you go;

That he will be with us where-ev - er we go, Take Je-sus home with you.  
You need in your home-life the light of his face, O let him fill your heart.  
A - mid dai - ly tasks to his hand ev - er clinging, He'll keep your heart a - glow.

CHORUS.

Take Je - sus home with you, He is your friend so true; so true;  
with you,

Won-der - ful mercies he'll hour-ly re-new, Take Je - sus home with you. with you.

## No. 76.

## Answer "Yes."

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

If he asked of you the treasures held so dear, Would you an-swer to his call?  
 Would you answer "Yes" and not a ques-tion ask If it be to go or stay?  
 Can you an-swer "Yes" if God requires of you Ev'-ry com-fort you have known?  
 When the way seems dark-est light is sure to break; Trust in God and stay your fears.

## CHORUS.

# Answer "Yes."—Concluded.

Do not fal - ter, hes - i - tate, nor ask him "Why?" But an - swer "Yes."

## No. 77. Yes, the Lord Can Depend On Me.

ELSIE DUNCAN YALE.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. There are fields that to har - vest are white, And a reap - er with joy I will be;  
2. There's a mes - sage to bear far and near, Of a Sav - iour whose love sets us free,  
3. There are souls who are drift-ing a - way, Let me bring them, dear Lord, un-to thee;

Golden sheaves will I bring, to my Mas - ter and King, For the Lord can depend on me!  
And the call ringing clear, glad of heart will I hear, For the Lord can depend on me!  
I will seek them to-day, I will haste nor de-lay, For the Lord can depend on me!

CHORUS.

Yes, the Lord can de-pend on me, Yes, the Lord can depend on me;  
on me, on me;

And his name I'll confess, un - to him I say "Yes," For the Lord can depend on me!

## No. 78.

## He is Mine.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

Parts.

CHORUS.

## No. 79.

## God's Little While.

IDA L. REED.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

skies may cease to smile, Tho' my footsteps falter, tho' the days are drear-y, Soon the  
 ward the shining light; Thro' the vale low-lying God is with me ev-er, Safe-ly  
 life's a burden sore; There beyond the shadows golden light is ly-ing, On the  
 clouds will pass a-way; Trusting he will guide me thro' life's sun and shadow In - to

CHORUS. *Unison.*
*Parts.**Unison.*
*Parts.*

# No. 80. Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus.

GEORGE DUFFIELD.

ADAM GEIBEL.

1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol-diers of the cross; Lift high his roy - al  
 2. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The trumpet call o - bey, Forth to the mighty  
 3. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Stand in his strength alone; The arm of flesh will  
 4. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The strife will not be long; This day the noise of

ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss: From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His  
 con - flict, In this his glo - ri - ous day; 'Ye that are men now serve him' A -  
 fail you, Ye dare not trust your own; Put on the gos - pel arm - or, Each  
 bat - tle, The next, the vic - tor's song: To him that o - ver - com - eth, A

*rit.*

ar - my shall he lead, Till ev - 'ry foe is vanquish'd, And Christ is Lord in - deed.  
 against unnumber'd foes; Let courage rise with dan - ger, And strength to strength oppose.  
 piece put on with pray'r; Where duty calls or dan - ger, Be nev - er want-ing there.  
 crown of life shall be; He with the King of glo - ry Shall reign e - ter - nal - ly.

CHORUS. *Harmony.*

Stand up stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol - diers of the cross; Lift

high his roy - al ban - ner, It must not, it must not suf - fer loss.

## No. 81.

## Still Sweeter Every Day.

W. C. MARTIN.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. To Je-sus ev'-ry day I find my heart is clos-er drawn; He's fair-er than the  
 2. His glo-ry broke up-on me when I saw him from a-far; He's fair-er than the  
 3. My heart is sometimes heavy, but he comes with sweet relief; He folds me to his

glo-ry of the gold and pur-ple dawn; He's all my fan-cy pict-ures in its  
 lil-y, bright-er than the morn-ing star; He fills and sat-is-fies my long-ing  
 bos-om when I droop with blight-ing grief; I love the Christ who all my bur-dens

fairest dreams, and more; Each day he grows still sweeter than he was the day be-fore.  
 spir-it o'er and o'er; Each day he grows still sweeter than he was the day be-fore.  
 in his bod-y bore; Each day he grows still sweeter than he was the day be-fore.

## CHORUS.

The half . . . . can-not be fan-cied this side . . . . the golden  
 The half can-not be fan-cied on this side the golden shore, The half can-not be fan-cied on this

shore; O there . . . . he'll be still sweeter than he ev-er was be-fore.  
 side the golden shore; O there he'll be still sweeter than he ever was before, than he

## No. 82.

## When the Roll is Called.

B. M. J.

J. M. BLACK.



1. When the trum-pet of the Lord shall sound and time shall be no more, And the  
 2. On that bright and cloudless morning, when the dead in Christ shall rise And the  
 3. Let us la - bor for the Mas - ter, from the dawn till set - ting sun; Let us



morning breaks e-ternal, bright and fair; When the saved of earth shall gather o - ver  
 glo - ry of his res - ur-rection share; When his chos - en ones shall gather to their  
 talk of all his wondrous love and care; Then, when all of life is o - ver and our



on the oth - er shore, And the roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there.  
 home be-yond the skies, And the roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there.  
 work on earth is done, And the roll is called up yon - der, we'll be there.



## CHORUS.



When the roll . . . . . is called up yon - - - der, When the

When the roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there,



roll . . . . . is called up yon - - - der, When the roll . . . . . is

When the roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there,

When the roll is



## When the Roll is Called.—Concluded.

Musical score for 'When the Roll is Called.—Concluded.' The score consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. Both staves are in common time (indicated by 'C'). The music is composed of eighth and sixteenth note patterns. The lyrics are: 'called up yon - der, When the roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there.'

## No. 83. Where Jesus Is, 'Tis Heaven.

C. J. BUTLER.

J. M. BLACK.

Musical score for 'Where Jesus Is, 'Tis Heaven.' The score consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. Both staves are in common time (indicated by 'C'). The music is composed of eighth and sixteenth note patterns. The lyrics are: '1. Since Christ my soul from sin set free, This world has been a heav'n to me; 2. Once heav - en seemed a far - off place, Till Je - sus showed his smil - ing face; 3. What mat - ters where on earth we dwell? On mountain top, or in the dell?'

And 'mid earth's sor - rows and its woe, 'Tis heav'n my Je - sus here to know.  
Now it's be - gun with - in my soul, 'Twill last while end - less a - ges roll.  
In cot - tage, or in mansion fair, Where Je-sus is, 'tis heav - en there.

CHORUS.

Musical score for the Chorus of 'Where Jesus Is, 'Tis Heaven.' The score consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. Both staves are in common time (indicated by 'C'). The music is composed of eighth and sixteenth note patterns. The lyrics are: 'O hal - le - lu - jah! Yes, 'tis heav'n, 'Tis heav'n to know my sins for-giv'n;'

On land or sea, what matters where? Where Je-sus is, 'tis heav - en there.

No. 84.

## I Know Whom I Have Believed.

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. Praise-es be to God, for I am glo-ry bound, For I am a  
 2. I am un-der grace, nor lon-ger un-der law, In the bless-ed  
 3. When the days are drear-y, spent in pain or woe, When the watches  
 4. Not a-lone for me, but all who will may find Sweetest con-so-

mir-a- cle of grace; Ask of God a sign, it sure-ly can be found  
 light of love I'm free; To the word of God I go when sore distrest,  
 of the night are long, I'll be trust-ing Je-sus, so in ev'-ry place  
 la-tion for his woe; Seek the will of God, and for the word of Christ

## CHORUS.

In a hap-py Christian's face.  
 This is what it says to me: }  
 I can al-ways sing this song: }  
 To the bless-ed Bi-bble go. "I know whom I have be-

liev-ed and am persuad-ed that he is a-ble to keep that which I've com-

mit-ted un-to him a-gainst that day." O praise the Lord!

## No. 85.

## I Know He's Mine.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

B. FRANK BUTTS.

1. There's One a - bove all earth-ly friends Whose love all earth - ly love transcends,  
 2. He's mine be - cause he died for me, He saved my soul, he set me free;  
 3. He's mine be - cause he's in my heart, And nev - er, nev - er will de - part;  
 4. Some day up - on the streets of gold Mine eyes his glo - ry shall be - hold,

It is my Lord and Christ di - vine, My Lord be - cause I know he's mine.  
 With joy I wor - ship at his shrine And cry, "Praise God, I know he's mine."  
 Just as the branch is to the vine I'm joined to Christ; I know he's mine.  
 Then, while his arms a-round me twine, I'll cry for joy, "I know he's mine."

## CHORUS.

I know he's mine, . . . . . this friend so dear, . . . . . He lives with  
 I know he's mine, this friend so dear,

me, . . . . . he's ev - er near; . . . . . Ten thousand charms . . . . .  
 He lives with me, he's ev - er near; Ten thousand charms

a - round him shine, . . . . . And, best of all, I know he's mine.  
 a - round him shine,

## No. 86.

## If Jesus Goes with Me.

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.



1. It may be in the val - ley, where countless dangers hide; It may be in the  
 2. It may be I must car - ry the bless - ed word of life A-cross the burn-ing  
 3. But if it be my por - tion to bear my cross at home, While others bear their  
 4. It is not mine to ques-tion the judgments of my Lord, It is but mine to



sun - shine that I, in peace a - bide; But this one thing I know— if  
 des - erts to those in sin - ful strife; And tho' it be my lot to  
 bur - dens be - yond the bil - low's foam, I'll prove my faith in him— con-  
 fol - low the lead - ings of his Word; But if to go or stay, or



it be dark or fair, If Je - sus is with me, I'll go an - y - where!  
 bear my col - ors there, If Je - sus goes with me, I'll go an - y - where!  
 fess his judgments fair And, if he stays with me, I'll stay an - y - where!  
 whether here or there, I'll be, with my Sav - iour, con-tent an - y - where!



## CHORUS.



If Je - sus goes with me, I'll go an - y - where! 'Tis heav-en to me, Wher-



e'er I may be, If he is there! I count it a priv - i - lege here His  
 His cross, his



# If Jesus Goes With Me.—Concluded.

cross to bear; . . . If Je-sus goes with me, I'll go An - y - where!  
cross, his cross to bear;

## No. 87.

### Does Jesus Care?

Rev. FRANK E. GRAEFF.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

6 8

1. Does Je-sus care when my heart is pained Too deep-ly for mirth and song;
2. Does Je-sus care when my way is dark With a name-less dread and fear?
3. Does Je-sus care when I've tried and failed To re-sist some temp-ta-tion strong;
4. Does Je-sus care when I've said "good-bye" To the dear-est on earth to me,

6 8

As the bur-dens press, and the cares dis-tress, And the way grows wea-ry and long?  
As the day-light fades in-to deep night shades, Does he care e-nough to be near?  
When for my deep grief I find no re-lief, Tho' my tears flow all the night long?  
And my sad heart aches till it nearly breaks—Is it aught to him? Does he see?

CHORUS.

6 8

O yes, he cares; I know he cares, His heart is touched with my grief;

ad lib.

rit.

When the days are wea-ry, the long nights drear-y, I know my Sav-iour cares....  
he cares.

## No. 88.

## He is a Friend of Mine.

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. I have a friend in - deed, A friend I oft - en need, And when I need him  
 2. Now Je-sus is his name, His love is e'er the same; And tho' my love for  
 3. It is e-nough for me To know that he will be A friend when all the

he is al - ways near,....(al - ways near,...) To chide me when I'm wrong,  
 him may fee - ble grow,....(fee - ble grow,...) Still thro' my tears I see  
 rest for - get my name;....(forget my name;..) When thro' the gates of gold

To fill my heart with song, Or make the hid - den way seem clear,(seem clear.)  
 My friend a-wait - ing me, And hand in hand we on - ward go, (onward go.)  
 My char - iot wheels have roll'd, He'll be my lov - ing friend the same,(the same.)

CHORUS.

He is a friend of mine, He is a friend of mine, The rul - er of the land and sea,  
 yes,

And yet he lov - eth me; I would that you might know him too, This friend of mine.

## No. 89.

## God's Way.

L. S. L.

DUET. *Espressivoso.*

LIDA SHIVERS LEECH.

1. God's way is the best way, Tho' I may not see Why sorrows and tri - als  
 2. God's way is the best way, My path he has plann'd, I'll trust in him al - way  
 3. God's way shall be my way, He know-eth the best; And lean-ing up-on him,

Oft gath-er-round me; He ev - er is seek - ing My gold to re - fine,  
 While holding his hand. In shad-ow or sun-shine He ev - er is near,  
 Sweet,sweet is my rest. No harm can be-fall me, Safe, safe shall I be,

CHORUS. *Animato.*

So hum-bly I trust him, My Sav-iour di - vine.  
 With him for my ref - uge, I nev-er need fear. } God's way is the best way,  
 I'll cling to him ev - er, So precious is he. }

*rit.....*

God's way is the right way, I'll trust in him al - way, He knoweth the best.

## No. 90.

## Is it the Crowning Day?

GEORGE WALKER WHITCOMB.

CHARLES H. MARSH.

1. Je - sus may come to - day,      Glad day! Glad day! And I would see my Friend;  
 2. I may go home to - day,      Glad day! Glad day! Seemeth I hear their song;  
 3. Why should I anxious be?      Glad day! Glad day! Lights appear on the shore,  
 4. Faithful I'll be to - day,      Glad day! Glad day! And I will free- ly tell

Dan - gers and troubles would end If Je - sus should come to - day.  
 Hail to the ra - di - ant throng! If I should go home to - day.  
 Storms will affright nev - er more, For he is "at hand" to - day.  
 Why I should love him so well, For he is my all to - day.

## CHORUS.

Glad day! Glad day! Is it the crown - ing day? I'll

live for to - day, nor anx - ious be, Je - sus, my Lord, I

soon shall see; Glad day! Glad day! Is it the crown - ing day?

## No. 91.

J. B. M.

## He's the One.

J. B. MACKAY.

1. Is there an - y one can hel' us, one who un - derstands our hearts, When the  
 2. Is there an - y one can help us, when the load is hard to bear, And we  
 3. Is there an - y one can help us, who can give a sin - ner peace, When his  
 4. Is there an - y one can help us, when the end is draw-ing near, Who will

thorns of life have pierced them till they bleed; One who sym - pa - thiz - es with us, who in  
 faint and fall beneath it in a - larm; Who in ten - derness will lift us, and the  
 heart is burden'd down with pain and woe; Who can speak the word of pardon that af -  
 go thro' death's dark waters by our side; Who will light the way be - fore us, and dis -

won - drous love im - parts Just the ver - y, ver - y blessing that we need?  
 heav - y bur - den share, And sup - port us with an ev - er - last - ing arm?  
 fords a sweet re - lease, And whose blood can wash and make us white as snow?  
 pel all doubt and fear, And will bear our spir - its safe - ly o'er the tide?

## CHORUS.

Yes, there's One, on - ly One, The blessed, blessed Jesus, He's the One; When af -  
 Yes, there's One, on - ly One,

flictions press the soul, when waves of trouble roll, And you need a friend to help you, He's the One.

## No. 92.

## Dwelling in Beulah Land.

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. Far a-way the noise of strife up-on my ear is fall-ing, Then I know the  
 2. Far be-low the storm of doubt up-on the world is beat-ing, Sons of men in  
 3. Let the storm-y breez-es blow, their cry can-not a-larm me, I am safe-ly  
 4. Viewing here the works of God, I sink in con-tem-pla-tion, Hear-ing now his

sins of earth be-set on ev'-ry hand. Doubt and fear and things of earth in  
 bat-tle long the en-e-my with-stand. Safe am I with-in the cas-tle  
 shel-ter'd here pro-tec-ted by God's hand. Here the sun is al-ways shin-ing,  
 bless-ed voice, I see the way he plann'd. Dwell-ing in the Spir-it, here I

vain to me are call-ing, None of these shall move me from Beu-lah Land.  
 of God's word re-treat-ing, Noth-ing then can reach me—'tis Beu-lah Land.  
 here there's naught can harm me, I am safe for-ev-er in Beu-lah Land.  
 learn of full sal-va-tion, Glad-ly will I tar-ry in Beu-lah Land.

## CHORUS.

I'm liv-ing on the mountain, un-der-neath a cloud-less sky, I'm

Praise God!

drinking at the fountain that nev-er shall run dry, O yes! I'm feasting on the

# Dwelling in Beulah Land.—Concluded.

man-na from a boun-ti - ful sup-ply For I am dwelling in Beu-lah Land.

## No. 93.

### In the Garden.

C. A. M.  
*Slowly.*

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. I come to the garden a - lone, While the dew is still on the ros - es; And the  
2. He speaks, and the sound of his voice Is so sweet the birds hush their singing, And the  
3. I'd stay in the garden with him Tho' the night around me be fall - ing, But he  
voice I hear, Fall-ing on my ear; The Son of God dis - clos - es.  
mel - o - dy, That he gave to me; With-in my heart is ring - ing.  
bids me go; Thro' the voice of woe, His voice to me is call - ing.

#### CHORUS.

And he walks with me, and he talks with me, And he tells me I am his own,  
And the joy we share as we tar - ry there, None oth - er has ev - er known.

## No. 94.

## I Will Follow, Follow, Jesus.

G. A. C.

G. A. COLLIN.

1. All a - long life's pil-grim-jour - ney press-ing up - ward o'er the road, I will  
 2. As I think of how he suf - fer'd there on Cal - vry's cru - el tree, I will  
 3. O, how pa - tient, kind, and lov - ing, this dear Sav - iour is to me! I will  
 4. Then when all of life is o - ver, and my trav'l-ing-days are done, I will

fol - low, fol - low, Je - sus day by day;..... And tho' oft' - times rough and  
 fol - low, fol - low, Je - sus day by day;..... Of his deep and bit - ter  
 fol - low, fol - low, Je - sus day by day;..... O, how gen - tle his for -  
 fol - low, fol - low, Je - sus day by day;..... Sweep-ing thro' the gates of  
 day by day;

thorn-y, 'tis the path that he has trod, I will fol-low, fol-low, Je-sus all the way.....  
 an - guish as he died to set me free, I will fol-low, fol-low, Je-sus all the way.....  
 bearance, and his grace, -how full and free! I will fol-low, fol-low, Je-sus all the way.....  
 glo - ry, with the crown of vic-t'ry won, I will fol-low, fol-low, Je-sus all the way.....  
 all the way.

CHORUS.

I will fol - low, fol - low, Je - sus all the way,..... Heed his gen - tle, lov - ing  
 all the way,

mes - sage and o - bey,..... In green pas-tures where he feed - eth, Where-so -  
 and o - bey,

# I Will Follow, Follow Jesus.—Concluded.

Sheet music for 'I Will Follow, Follow Jesus.—Concluded.' The score consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The music is in common time. The lyrics 'e'er my Shepherd leadeth, I will fol-low, glad-ly fol-low, day by day, day by day.' are written below the notes.

## No. 95.

Mrs. C. H. M.

## Shine and Keep Sweet.

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.

Sheet music for 'Shine and Keep Sweet.' The score consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The music is in common time. The key signature is A major (two sharps).

1. There's sorrow and sadness on ev - er - y side, And tri - als how oft - en we meet;
2. Shine brightest for Je-sus when darkest the way, When fierce oppo - si - tion you meet;
3. His grace is suf - fi - cient what-ev - er the test, You nev - er need suf - fer de -feat;
4. Then walk in the light with God's glory in view, Sal - va - tion is full and com - plete;

Continuation of the sheet music for 'Shine and Keep Sweet.' The score consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The music is in common time. The key signature is A major (two sharps).

Continuation of the sheet music for 'Shine and Keep Sweet.' The score consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The music is in common time. The key signature is A major (two sharps).

Let this be our watchword whatev - er be-tide, "Just shine and keep sweet." His love can change midnight to radiant noon-day; "Just shine and keep sweet." Then scatter the sun-light, let oth - ers be blest; "Just shine and keep sweet." Keep looking to Je-sus he'll car - ry you thro'; "Just shine and keep sweet." Just shine keep sweet,

Continuation of the sheet music for 'Shine and Keep Sweet.' The score consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The music is in common time. The key signature is A major (two sharps).

CHORUS.

Continuation of the sheet music for 'Shine and Keep Sweet.' The score consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The music is in common time. The key signature is A major (two sharps).

Shine and keep sweet, shine and keep sweet, No matter what ob - sta - cles here you may meet,

Continuation of the sheet music for 'Shine and Keep Sweet.' The score consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The music is in common time. The key signature is A major (two sharps).

With God on your side, ev'ry foe 'neath your feet, Just shine, brother, shine and keep sweet. and keep sweet.

Continuation of the sheet music for 'Shine and Keep Sweet.' The score consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The music is in common time. The key signature is A major (two sharps).

## No. 96.

## The Pearly-White City.

A. F. I.

Moderato.

ARTHUR F. INGLER.

1. There's a ho - ly and beau-ti - ful cit - y, Whose builder and rul - er is God;  
 2. No sin is al-low'd in that cit - y, And noth-ing de - fil - ing nor mean;  
 3. No heart-aches are known in that cit - y, No tears ev - er moist-en the eye;  
 4. My lov'd ones are gath-er-ing yon - der, My friends are fast pass-ing a - way;

John saw it de-scend-ing from heav - en, When Pat-mos in ex - ile, he trod,  
 No pain and no sick-ness can en - ter, No crepe in that cit - y is seen;  
 There's no dis - ap-point-ment in heav - en, No en - vy and strife in the sky;  
 And soon I may join their bright num-ber, And dwell in e - ter - ni - ty's day;

Its high, mas-sive wall is of jas - per, The cit - y it - self is pure gold;  
 Earth's sorrows and cares are for - got - ten, No tempter is there to an - noy;  
 The saints are all sanc - ti - fied, whol - ly, They live in sweet har - mo - ny there;  
 They're safe now in glo - ry with Je - sus, Their tri - als and bat - tles are past;

rit. ad lib.

And when my frail tent here is fold - ed, Mine eyes shall its glo - ry be - hold.  
 No part - ing words ev - er are spok - en, There's nothing to hurt nor de - stroy.  
 My heart is now set on that cit - y, And some day its bless - ings I'll share.  
 They o - ver-came sin and the tempt-er, They've reach'd that fair cit - y at last.

CHORUS. Slow.

In that bright cit - y, pearl - y - white cit - y, I have a

# The Pearly-White City.—Concluded.

man - sion, an harp and a crown; Now I am watch - ing, wait-ing and  
*rit. ad lib.*

leng - ing For the white cit - y John saw com - ing down.

## No. 97.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

## God of Our Fathers.

(ST. CATHERINE.)

Adapted by J. G. WALTON.

1. God of our fa - thers known of old, Lord of our far - flung bat - tle line,
2. The tu - mult and the shout-ing dies, The cap-tains and the kings de - part;
3. Far call'd our na - vies melt a - way, On dune and head-land sinks the fire,
4. If drunk with sight of pow'r we loose Wild tongues that have not thee in awe,
5. For heathen heart that puts her trust In reek-ing tube and i - ron shard—

Be -neath whose aw - ful hand we hold  
 Still stands thine an - cient sac - ri - fice  
 Lo, all our pomp of yes - ter-day;  
 Such boasting as the Gen - tiles use,  
 All val - iant dust that builds on dust,

Do - min - ion o - ver palm and pine;  
 An hum - ble and a con - trite heart;  
 Is one with Nine - veh and Ty - re;  
 Or less - er breeds without the law,  
 And guarding calls not thee to guard,

Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet, Lest we for - get, lest we for - get.  
 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet, Lest we for - get, lest we for - get.  
 Judge of the na - tions, spare us yet, Lest we for - get, lest we for - get.  
 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet, Lest we for - get, lest we for - get.  
 For fran - tic boast and fool - ish word, Thy mer - cy on thy peo - ple, Lord!

# No. 98. When Shall I See My Mother's Face?

C. A. M.

(Inspired by my mother.)

C. AUSTIN MILES.

SOLO.

1. Tho' ma - ny, many years may pass a-way, Life's changes so many may take place, One  
2. Her face I never nev-er can for-get, Her voice in my dreams I oft-en hear; Its  
3. And when they gently laid her in the tomb To rest till the res-ur-rec-tion day, A

vis - ion hovers o'er me ev-ry day; 'Tis the mem'ry of my dear old mother's face. It  
sweet tones linger, linger with me yet, As when she taught my lips to form a pray'r. The  
sweet voice whispered, whispered thro' the gloom, "And God himself shall wipe all tears away." And

shines as a beacon to light my way to God, It soothes me in ev-ry hour of pain;  
mem'ry of my moth - er is to me as dear As aught else on earth can ev-er be,  
soon I shall meet her, in yonder home so fair, Where naught comes of sorrow, toil nor pain;

Has cheered the weary, weary path I've trod, But when shall I see her face a - gain?  
And while I'm sadly, sadly waiting here, I wonder when that loving face I'll see.  
I know she's waiting, waiting for me there, And then I shall see her face a - gain.

CHORUS.

O when shall I see my mother's face? O when shall I see my mother's face?  
Last v. Yes, then I shall see my mother's face, Yes, then I shall see my mother's face,

# When Shall I See My Mother's Face?—Concluded.



When shall I clasp that dear old hand again, And feel once more that fond embrace?  
Then I shall clasp that dear old hand again, And feel once more that fond embrace.

## No. 99.

### Sweet By-and-by.

S. FILLMORE BENNET.

Jos. P. WEBSTER, by per.



1. There's a land that is fair - er than day, And by faith we can see it a - far,
2. We shall sing on that beau-ti - ful shore The mel - o - di - ous song of the blest,
3. To our boun - ti - ful Fa - ther a - bove, We will of - fer our trib - ute of praise,



For the Fa - ther waits o - ver the way, To pre - pare us a dwelling place there.  
And our spir - its shall sor - row no more, Not a sigh for the bless - ing of rest.  
For the glo - ri - ous gift of his love, And the blessings that hal - low our days.



#### CHORUS.



In the sweet by-and-by, We shall meet on that beau-ti - ful shore;  
In the sweet by-and-by, by-and-by;



In the sweet by-and-by, We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore.  
In the sweet by-and-by,



# No. 100. The Army of the Living God.

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.



1. Hark! On the highway of life a sound, As crest-ed waves of o - cean roar,  
2. Onward they march with a faith unmoved By an - y change of time or creed;  
3. Step in the ranks, you are need - ed there, Cling to the church and God will bless;



Lash'd by the storm in its fu - ry spent, As they beat up - on the shore.  
Their's to believe that the word of God Can sup - ply the world's great need.  
He is the hope of the whole wide world For the cause of righteous - ness.



## CHORUS.



Hear the tramp, tramp, tramp of the army as they march along the way of life,  
Tramp, tramp,



They are weary of the toil and the travel, of the bit - terness of strife; (of strife;)  
Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp,



But they hope and trust, looking ev - er on the path the saints before have trod,  
Tramp, tramp,



# The Army of the Living God.—Concluded.



And as they march a - long their faith grows strong in the church of the liv - ing God.

## No. 101.

### Power in Jesus' Blood.

L. S. L.

LIDA SHIVERS LEECH.



1. I know there is pow'r in Je - sus' blood, For he wash'd my sins a - way;
2. I know there is pow'r in Je - sus' blood; From my guilt he set me free;
3. I know there is pow'r in Je - sus' blood, For all things have been made new;



And I know there is joy in serv - ing him, For he turn'd my night to day.  
When I came un - to him with all my sin, And his blood a - vailed for me.  
Since his own precious blood has been ap - plied And has cleans'd me thro' and thro'.



CHORUS.



There is pow - er, pow - er, won - der work-ing pow - er, There is pow - er,



pow - er, pur - i - fy - ing pow - er, There is pow'r in Je - sus' blood.



## No. 102.

## Jesus is Precious to Me.

JAMES ROWE.

HOWARD E. SMITH.



1. With Je - sus my Lord all the way I am go - ing, Be - cause his sweet  
 2. He light - ens my cares and he shares all my sor - row; What - ev - er I  
 3. I'm close to the side that for sin - ners was riv - en; The love of my



love all my heart is o'er - flow - ing; My faith in his grace to the  
 need from his love I can bor - row; He gives me, each day, strength and  
 soul to my Sav - iour I've giv - en, And now I am sure he will



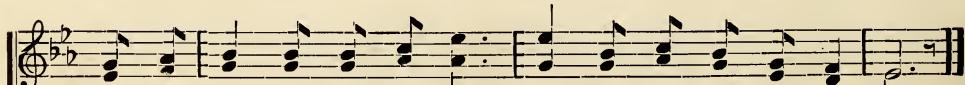
## CHORUS.



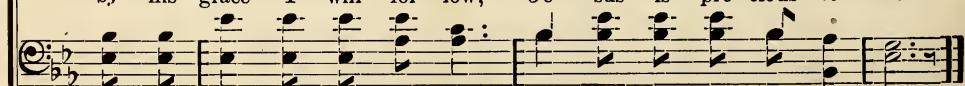
world I am show-ing, Je - sus is precious to me. } Je - sus is precious to  
 hope for the mor-row, Je - sus is precious to me. } Je - sus is precious to  
 guide me to heav-en, Je - sus is precious to me. }



me, to me, Al - ways his lov - er I'll be, Wher - ev - er he leads



by his grace I will fol - low; Je - sus is pre - cious to me.



# No. 103. Jesus Loves the Little Children.

Rev. C. H. WOOLSTON, D. D.

GEO. F. ROOT.



1. Je - sus calls the children dear, "Come to me and nev-er fear, For I love the lit - tle  
2. Je - sus is the Shepherd true, And he'll always stand by you, For he loves the lit - tle  
3. I am coming Lord to the, And thy sol - dier I will be, For he loves the lit - tle



children of the world. I will take you by the hand, Lead you to the bet - ter land  
children of the world. He's a Saviour great and strong, And he'll shield you from the wrong,  
children of the world. And his cross I'll al - ways bear, And for him I'll do and dare,



## CHORUS.



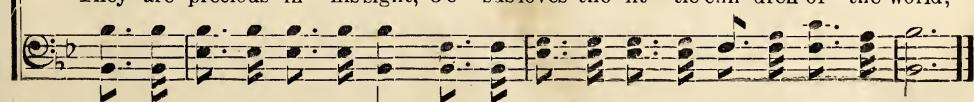
'For I love the lit - tle children of the world.' } For he loves the lit - tle children of the world. } For he loves the lit - tle children of the world. } Je - sus loves the lit - tle



chil - dren, All the chil - dren of the world; Red and yellow, black and white,  
lit - tle children, All the chil - dren of the world;



They are precious in his sight, Je - sus loves the lit - tle chil - dren of the world;



## No. 104.

## I Love Him.

LONDON HYMN BOOK.

S. C. FOSTER.

1. Gone from my heart the world and all its charms, Now, thro' the blood, I'm  
 2. Once I was lost, and way down deep in sin, Once was a slave to  
 3. Once I was bound, but now I am set free; Once I was blind, but

saved from all a-larms; Down at the cross my heart is bending low, The  
 pas-sions fierce with-in; Once was a-fraid to meet an an-gry God, But  
 now the light I see; Once I was dead, but now in Christ I live To

D.S.—cause he first loved me And

FINE. CHORUS. D.S.

precious blood of Je-sus cleanses white as snow.  
 now I'm cleansed from ev'ry strain thro' Jesus' blood. } I love him, I love him Be -  
 tell the world around the peace that he doth give.

purchased my sal - va - tion on Cal - va - ry.

## No. 105.

## What Did He Do?

W. OWEN.

1. O list-en to our wondrous sto-ry, Once we dwelt among the lost; Yet, Je-sus  
 2. No angel could our place have taken, Highest of the high tho' he; He nailed un-  
 3. Will you sur-render to this Saviour, Now be-fore him humbly bow? You, too, shall

came from heaven's glory Us to save at aw-ful cost!  
 to the cross, forsak - en, Was One of the God-head Three! } Who sav'd us from eternal loss?  
 come to know his fav - or, He will save and save you now! } who

CHORUS.

G. M. 2. 98

# What Did He Do?—Concluded.



What did he do? Where is he now? In heav-en in-ter-ced-ing!  
but God's Son upon the cross? He died for you! Believe it thou, In

## No. 106. Some Day He'll Make it Plain.

LIDA SHIVERS LEECH.

*Solo, or all in unison.*

ADAM GEIBEL.

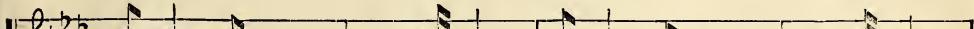


1. I do not know why oft 'round me My hopes all shat-ter'd seem to be;
2. I can-not tell the depth of love, Which moves the Father's heart a - bove;
3. Tho' tri-als come thro' pass-ing days, My life will still be fill'd with praise;



God's perfect plan I can-not see, . . . But some day I'll un-der-stand.  
My faith to test, my love to prove, . . . But some day I'll un-der-stand.  
For God will lead thro' darken'd ways, . . . But some day I'll un-der-stand.

CHORUS.



Some day he'll make it plain to me, Some day when I his face shall see;



Some day from tears I shall be free, For some day I shall un - der - stand.



## No. 107.

## God will Take Care of You.

C. D. MARTIN.

(Dedicated to my wife, Mrs. John A. Davis.)

W. S. MARTIN.

6 8

1. Be not dismayed whate'er betide, God will take care of you; Be-neath his wings of  
 2. Thro' days of toil when heart doth fail, God will take care of you; When dangers fierce your  
 3. All you may need he will provide, God will take care of you; Noth-ing you ask will  
 4. No mat-ter what may be the test, God will take care of you; Lean, wea-ry one, up-

6 8

CHORUS.

love a-bide, God will take care of you.  
 path as-sail, God will take care of you.  
 be de-nied, God will take care of you.  
 on his breast, God will take care of you.

} God will take care of you, Thro' ev'ry day,

O'er all the way, He will take care of you, God will take care of you.  
 take care of you.

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## No. 108.

## Blessed Assurance.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

Mrs. Jos. F. KNAPP.

3 3 3 3

1. Blessed as - surance, Je-sus is mine! O what a foretaste of glo-ry di-vine!  
 2. Perfect sub - mission, perfect de-light, Visions of rapture now burst on my sight;  
 3. Perfect sub - mission, all is at rest, I in my Saviour am hap - py and blest;

Heir of sal - va - tion, purchas'd by God, Born of his spir - it, wash'd in his blood.  
 An - gels de - scending, bring from a - bove Ech - oes of mer - cy, whispers of love.  
 Watching and wait-ing, look-ing a - bove, Fill'd with his goodness, lost in his love.

## Blessed Assurance.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

This is my sto - ry, this is my song, Praising my Sav - iour all the day long;  
This is my sto - ry, this is my song, Praising my Sav - iour all the day long.

## No. 109. The Name of Jesus.

Rev. W. C. MARTIN.

E. S. LORENZ.

1. The name of Je-sus is so sweet, I love its mu-sic to repeat; It makes my joys full  
2. I love the name of him whose heart Knows all my griefs and bears a part; Who bids all anxious  
3. That name I fond-ly love to hear, It never fails my heart to cheer, Its mu-sic dries the  
4. No word of man can ev-er tell How sweet the name I love so well; O let its prais-es  
and complete, The precious name fears depart—I love the name fall-ing tear; Ex-alt the name ev-er swell, O praise the name 1. The precious name of Je-sus. of Je-sus. of Je-sus. of Je-sus! "Je-sus," O how sweet the name!

CHORUS.

"Jesus," ev'ry day the same; "Jesus," let all saints proclaim Its worthy praise for ev-er.  
Its worthy praise

## No. 110.

## The King of the Ages.

Mrs. C. D. MARTIN.

Unison.

W. STILLMAN MARTIN.

1. See the cross, where the Saviour was cru - ci - fied, See the  
 2. See the tomb, where the King of the A - ges lay, See the  
 3. See the throne, where he sits by the Fa-ther's side, Pray - ing

blood, shed for sinners when Je-sus died, Hear the song that the  
 stone, by the angels once roll'd a - way, He is ris'n, with his  
 there for the dear ones for whom he died; Heart and life to his

ransom'd in heaven sing, See the crown on the head of our Saviour King.  
 prais-es the heavens ring, See the crown on the head of our Saviour King.  
 serv - ice we glad-ly bring, Place a crown on the head of our Saviour King.

CHORUS. Parts.

Je - sus is liv - ing in glo - ry, The King of the A - ges is he...  
 Je - sus is liv-ing in glo-ry, The glo - ri - ous King of the A - ges is he;

When he shall come in his king - dom, For ev - er with him we shall be,...  
 When in his kingdom he comes, for ev - er with him we shall be,

# The King of the Ages.—Concluded.

Happy with him ev'-ry moment, Joy-ful the praises we sing, . . .  
Happy in him ev'-ry moment, Joy-ful the praises we sing.

And the Christ who once died to re-deem us, We will now crown our King. . . .  
We'll crown him our King.

## No. 111. When Mother Prayed.

C. F. O.  
SOLO OR DUET.

W.M. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. When moth-er pray'd! O precious hour When God would come in might-y pow'r!
2. When moth-er pray'd! Ah, then I knew With - in my soul that God was true;
3. And tho' the years may come and go, This heart of mine can nev - er know
4. Tho' oth - er scenes may be for - got, While life shall last this one can - not;

8: FINE.

O mem'ry sweet! O hallow'd place Where God did shine in mother's face.  
I could no lon - ger doubt his love, But yield - ed all,—born from a - bove.  
A sweet-er time than that blest hour. When Je - sus came in sav - ing pow'r.  
When mother pray'd! O peace di - vine! My mother's God to - day is mine.

D.S.—Her heart and mind on Christ were stay'd, And God was there when mother pray'd.

CHORUS.

D.S.

When mother pray'd, she found sweet rest! When mother pray'd her soul was blest!

## No. 112.

## I Remember Calvary.

Rev. W. C. MARTIN.

J. M. BLACK.

1. Where he may lead me I will go, For I have learned to trust him so, And I re -  
 2. O I de - light in his command, Love to be led by his dear hand; His di - vine  
 3. On-ward I go, nor doubt nor fear, Hap - py with Christ, my Sav - iour, near, Trusting that

mem - ber 'twas for me That he was slain on Cal - va - ry. }  
 will is sweet to me, Hallowed by blood-stain'd Cal - va - ry. }  
 I some day shall see Jesus, my Friend, of Cal - va - ry. }  
 Jesus shall lead me night and day,  
 Jesus shall lead me all the way; He is the truest Friend to me, For I remember Cal - va - ry.

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## No. 113.

## Higher Ground.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. I'm pressing on the upward way, New heights I'm gaining ev - ry day; Still praying  
 2. My heart has no de - sire to stay, Where doubts arise and fears dis - may; Tho' some may  
 3. I want to live a - bove the world, Tho' Satan's darts at me are hurled; For faith has  
 4. I want to scale the utmost height, And catch a gleam of glo - ry bright; But still I'll

as I onward bound, "Lord, plant my feet on higher ground." }  
 dwell where these abound, My pray'r, my aim is "higher ground." }  
 caught the joyful sound, The song of saints on "higher ground." }  
 pray till heav'n I've found, "Lord, lead me on to higher ground." }  
 Lord, lift me up and let me stand,  
 By faith on heaven's table land; A higher plane than I have found, Lord, plant my feet on higher ground.

## No. 114. Make Me a Blessing To-day.

Rev. J. H. ZELLEY.

H. L. GILMOUR.

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## No. 115.

### The Haven of Rest.

H. L. GILMOUR.

GEO. D. MOORE.

CHORUS.

D.S.

## No. 116.

A. A. PAYN.

## Look for Me!

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. When you get to heav-en, as you sure - ly will, If the Sav-iour's name you own,
2. When you roam with friends across the heav'nly fields, Ev-er find - ing treasures new;
3. When you hear them singing round the great white throne, Songs of praise un-to the Lamb;
4. When you kneel in wor-ship to the King of kings, Who has saved you by his grace;

Af - ter you have greeted those you love the best, Who are standing round the throne—  
When you stand in rapture on some star-ry height, Gaz-ing on some glo-rious view—  
When you hear the ransomed, with their harps of gold, Shouting "Glo-ry to his name!"  
When you see that Saviour who has brought you there, And with joy be - hold his face—

CHORUS.

You may look for me, for I'll be there, I'll be there, I'll be there!  
I'll be there, I'll be there, I'll be there!

You may look for me, for I'll be there! I'll be there! Glo-ry to his name!  
Precious name!

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## No. 117.

## The Home Gathering.

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. Here we all must part, Here the aching heart And the sor-row o'er and o'er must come;
2. With a burdened mind We are worse than blind, For we can-not see the hand of God,
3. Tho'-we can-not tell If it's good or ill, We will trust whate'er to us may come,

But be-yond the skies, Joy-ful souls shall rise When the loved ones are gathered home.  
So we pray for sight, For we dread the night As we walk where the saints have trod.  
For we know the Lord And be-lieve his word, And we know he will take us home.

# The Home Gathering.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

At the great home gathering I'll be there, I'll be there, I'll be there,  
So will I, So will I, So will I,  
At the great home gathering I'll be there And I'll nev - er say "good-bye."  
So will I, nev - er say "good-bye. "

## No. 118.

### O What He's Done for Me!

J. B. M.

Rev. J. B. MACKAY.

1. Je - sus loves me with a changeless love, He to save me left his throne a - bove;  
2. When I fell be-neath a heav - y load, Faint and wea - ry, on the downward road,  
3. I had sor - rows that were hard to bear, Heav - y bur - dens that no soul could share;  
4. I'm so glad that Je - sus is my friend, His is friendship that will nev - er end;

All my sins he bore up - on the tree; I nev - er can tell all he's done for me.  
Je - sus took me from the mir - y clay—He led me in - to the King's highway.  
When I faint-ed, in my bit - ter grief, He was the one came to my re - lief.  
O that I could make the whole world see Just what a Sav - iour he is to me!

CHORUS.

O what he's done for me! O what he's done for me!  
O what he's done O what he's done

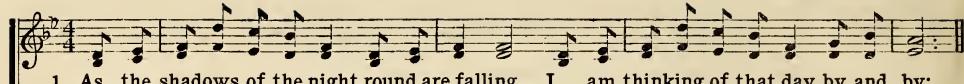
If I tried, to e - ter - ni - ty, I nev - er could tell all he's done for me!

## No. 119.

## As the Day Breaks.

A. A. PAYN.

C. AUSTIN MILES.



1. As the shadows of the night round are falling, I am thinking of that day by and by;  
 2. When we gather home at last there'll be singing, Such as angels round the throne never heard;  
 3. I shall rise to be with Je-sus for - ev - er, I shall meet the ones who passed on before;



When the trumpet of the Lord shall be call - ing, As the day breaks o'er the hills.  
 For the song of souls redeemed shall go ring - ing, As the day breaks o'er the hills.  
 We shall meet to part no more, nev - er, nev - er, When the day breaks o'er the hills.



CHORUS.



I'll go singing, I'll go shouting on my journey home, Till the day breaks,till the day breaks,



There'll be singing, there'll be shouting,when we all get home, When the day breaks o'er hills.  
 the heav'ly hills.



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## No. 120.

## Singing and Trusting.

E. E. HEWITT.

C. AUSTIN MILES.



1. Look up to Je-sus and,with lov-ing trust, Keep sing-ing, still sing-ing;  
 2. Your song may cheer a heav-y lad - en heart, Keep sing-ing, still sing-ing;  
 3. For - get-ting not the blessings of the past, Keep sing-ing, still sing-ing;

Keep sing-ing, sweetly sing-ing of our Saviour's love;



He'll safe - ly guide us, he is wise and just; Trust Je-sus, the Sav-iour King.  
 And stronger faith and brighter hope im - part, In Je-sus, the Sav-iour King.  
 In sum - mer bloom, or 'mid the win - try blast, Trust Je-sus, the Sav-iour King.



# Singing and Trusting.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Sing on thro' sunny days, Sing on in darken'd ways, Sing, sing;  
 Singing, sweetly singing, singing, sweetly singing;  
 Sing on, his name is love; Sing on, he reigns a-bove; Sing, sing.  
 Sing on, trust on and sing.

## No. 121.

### Nothing Matters.

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. Clouds may hover o - ver me and hide my view, Sin may seek in me its e - vil work to do;  
 2. There is naught that stands between my Lord and me For my sins are hidden now in Love's great sea;  
 3. Such a love as Jesus gives shall conquer fear, Such a hope as he bestows shall dry each tear;  
 4. Tho' I try to love him as I real-ly ought, All my love before his cross must seem as naught;

E - ven try to con-quer me, but nev - er will, While I trust my Sav - iour still.  
 While the bil-low-s cov - er them from mor - tal eyes, Heav - en-ward my song shall rise.  
 Won - der-ful it is that such a thing should be, But the King of heav'n loves me.  
 Thro' the tears I'm al - ways pray-ing o'er and o'er, "Teach me, Lord, to love thee more.

CHORUS.

For noth-ing real-ly matters if the Lord loves me, And he does, . . . . O yes! He  
 And he does,

does! No! Nothing real-ly matters if the Lord loves me, And he does, he does.

Yes, he does! No!

No. 122.

# I am On My Way to Heaven.

H. J. L.

HERBERT J. LACEY.

1. I am on my way to heaven where the saints are robed in white, Shouting glory,  
 2. I am on my way to heaven where the streets are pav'd with gold, Shouting glory,  
 3. I am on my way to heav-en, blessed land of pure de-light, Shouting glory,  
 4. I am on my way to heav-en where I'll see my Saviour's face, Shouting glory,

Hal-le-lujah!

shouting glo-ry! To that blessed land immortal where can never come the night,  
 shouting glo-ry! To the place of ma-ny mansions and of glo-ries yet un-told,  
 shouting glo-ry! Where the bless'd of ev'-ry na-tion are for-ev-er cloth'd in white,  
 shouting glo-ry! There I'll sing redemption's story, blessed song of sav-ing grace,

Hal-le-lu-jah!

CHORUS.

Shouting glo-ry all the way! O glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah! I am  
 Hal-le-lu-jah all the way!

on the way to heaven, Shouting glo-ry, shouting glo-ry! O glo-ry hal-le-  
 Hal-le-lujah! Hal-le-lujah!

lu-jah! I am on the way to heaven, Shouting glo-ry all the way!  
 Hal-le-lu-jah all the way!

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No. 123.

# No, Not One!

JOHNSON OATMAN.

*Slow and with feeling.*

GEO. C. HUGG.

1. There's not a friend like the low-ly Je-sus, No, not one! No, not one!  
 2. No friend like him is so high and ho-ly, No, not one! No, not one!  
 3. There's not an hour that he is not near us, No, not one! No, not one!  
 4. Did ev-er saint find this Friend for-sake him? No, not one! No, not one!  
 5. Was e'er a gift like the Sav-iour giv-en? No, not one! No, not one!

G. M. 3.

Geo. C. Hugg, owner of Copyright. Used by per.

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# No, Not One!—Concluded.

## No. 124.

### When I Get Home.

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

## No. 125.

## I Love to Tell the Story.

KATHERINE HANKEY.

WILLIAM G. FISCHER.

1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un-seen things a-bove, Of Je - sus and his glo-ry,  
 2. I love to tell the sto - ry; More wonder-ful it seems Than all the gold-en fancies  
 3. I love to tell the sto - ry; 'Tis pleasant to re - peat What seems, each time I tell it,  
 4. I love to tell the sto - ry; For those who know it best Seem hunger-ing and thirsting

Of Je - sus and his love. I love to tell the sto - ry, Be-cause I know 'tis true;  
 Of all our golden dreams. I love to tell the sto - ry, It did so much for me;  
 More wonder-ful-ly sweet. I love to tell the sto - ry, For some have nev-er heard  
 To hear it like the rest. And when, in scenes of glo - ry, I sing the new, new song,

CHORUS.

It sat - is-fies my longings As nothing else would do.  
 And that is just the rea-son I tell it now to thee. }  
 The message of sal - va-tion From God's own holy word. }  
 'Twill be the old, old sto - ry That I have lov'd so long. } I love to tell the sto - ry,

'Twill be my theme in glo - ry, To tell the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and his love

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## No. 126.

## I've Anchored In Jesus.

L. E. J.

L. E. JONES.

1. Up - on life's boundless ocean where mighty billows roll, I've fixed my hope in Je - sus,blest  
 2. He keeps my soul from e - vil and gives me blessed peace, His voice hath stilled the waters and  
 3. He is my Friend and Saviour, in him my anchor's cast, He drives a - way my sorrows and

an - chor of my soul. When tri - als fierce as - sail me as storms are gath'ring o'er,  
 bid their tu-mult cease. My pi - lot and de - liv - 'rer to him I all con-fide,  
 shields me from the blast. By faith I'm look-ing up - ward be-yond life's troubled sea,

G. M. 8.

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# I've Anchored in Jesus.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

I rest up - on his mer - cy and trust him more.  
For al - ways when I need him, he's at my side.  
There I be - hold a ha - ven prepared for me. } I've an-chored in Je - sus, The

storms of life I'll brave, I've anchored in Je-sus, I fear no wind or wave, I've  
anchored in Je-sus, For he hath pow'r to save, I've anchored to the Rock of A - ges.

## No. 127.

### I'm Going There.

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. There is a land of wondrous beauty Where the "Living Waters" flow, The Word of God to  
2. No tears are there, no blighting sorrow From the cru - el hand of death; No flow - ers fade, no  
3. There ransomed souls will give me welcome With a "Halle- lu-jah" shout! And I shall en-ter  
4. I've loved ones there who passed before me, They'll rejoice to see me come, But best of all I'll

CHORUS.

all has said it, And it sure - ly must be so.  
summers perish By the win-ter's chill-ing breath. } And I'm going there some day,  
in that cit - y, Nev-er, nev - er to go out. } see my Saviour, Who will bid me "Welcome Home." go-ing there some day.

Some day, some day, I am go-ing home to stay with Je - sus.  
going there some day, some day,

## No. 128.

J. L. H.

## The Witness of the Spirit.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Christ is my por-tion for - ev - er, He is my Sav - iour from sin;  
 2. He is my fort - ress and tow - er, He is my guide and my King;  
 3. Praise to the One who re - deems me, Praise to my cru - ci - fied Lord;

He is my bless - ed sal - va - tion, I have the wit - ness with - in.  
 He is my Shep - herd, my Keep - er Joy - ful - ly now I can sing.  
 Now I am saved, hal - le - lu - jah! Praise for the won - der - ful word.

CHORUS

I have the witness with-in, . . . . . Je - sus now saves me from sin; . . . . . In his  
 with-in from sin

heart I've a place, I am saved by his grace, And I have the wit - ness with-in. . . . . with-in.

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## No. 129.

J. H. S.

## Only Trust Him.

J. H. STOCKTON.

1. Come, ev'ry soul by sin oppress'd, There's mercy with the Lord, And he will surely give you rest  
 2. For Jesus shed his precious blood, Rich blessings to bestow; Plunge now in-to the crimson flood  
 3. Yes, Jesus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in-to rest; Be - lieve in him without de-lay,  
 4. Come, then, and join the holy band, And on to glo - ry go, To dwell in that ce - lestial land,

CHORUS. 1 2

By trusting in his word.  
 That washes white as snow. } { \*Only trust him, only trust him, Only trust him now; }  
 And you are ful-ly blest. } { He will save you, he will save you, He will (Omit. ....) } save you now.  
 Where joys immortal flow.

\* The words "Come to Jesus" may be used for chorus instead of "Only trust him."

G. M. 3.

## No. 130.

ELIZA H. HAMILTON.

## Take Me As I Am.

Rev. J. H. STOCKTON.

1. Je - sus, my Lord, to thee I cry, Un - less thou help me I must die; O bring thy  
 2. Help-less I am, and full of guilt, But yet for me thy blood was spilt, And thou can'st  
 3. I thirst, I long to know thy love, Thy full sal - va-tion I would prove; But since to  
 4. If thou hast work for me to do, In - spire my will, my heart re-new, And work both

### CHORUS.

free sal - va-tion high And take me as I am!  
 make me what thou wilt But take me as I am! } Take me as I am, . . . .  
 thee I can - not move O take me as I am! } Take me, take me as I am,  
 in and by me, too, But take me as I am! Take me, take me as I am,

Take me as I am; . . . O bring thy free sal-va-tion nigh, And take me as I am!  
 Take me, take me as I am;

## No. 131.

G. F. R.

## Why Do You Wait?

GEO. F. Root.

1. Why do you wait, dear broth-er, O why do you tar-ry so long? Your Saviour is  
 2. What do you hope, dear broth-er, To gain by a fur-ther de - lay? There's no one to  
 3. Do you not feel, dear broth-er, His Spir - it now striving with-in? O why not ac-  
 4. Why do you wait, dear broth-er? The har-vest is pass-ing a - way, Your Sav-iour is

### CHORUS.

wait-ing to give you A place in his sanc - ti - fied throng.  
 save you but Je - sus, There's no oth-er way but his way. } Why not? Why not?  
 cept his sal - va - tion, And throw off your bur - den of sin. } Why not? Why not?  
 long-ing to bless you, There's danger and death in de - lay.

Why not come to him now? Why not? Why not? Why not come to him now?

## No. 132.

## I'll Pay the Price.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Grant, my dear Lord, thy blessing unto me, I'll pay the price! I'll pay the price! Ask what thou  
 2. Tho' on a cross my life may offered be, I'll pay the price! I'll pay the price! If from my  
 3. Noth-ing I keep, Lord, e-ven lib-er-ty, I'll pay the price! I'll pay the price! Tho' I must  
 4. Take all I have, O Lord, away from me, I'll pay the price! I'll pay the price! All that I

CHORUS.

wilt no matter what it be, I'll sur-ren-der all to thee.  
 self and sin I may be free, I'll sur-ren-der all to thee. } I'll pay the price, whate'er the cost  
 pass, Lord, thro' Gethsemane, I'll sur-ren-der all to thee. }  
 am or have or hope to be I'll sur-ren-der, Lord, to thee.

Or sac - ri-fice may be; I'll go with Je-sus my dear Lord, Tho' it be to Cal-va-ry.

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## No. 133.

## He Rescued Me.

L. S. L.

LIDA SHIVERS LEECH.

1. I was a sinner but now I'm free, He res-cued me, he res-cued me;  
 2. Once I was wayward, a - far would stray, He res-cued me, he res-cued me;  
 3. Once e - vil led me, but now God reigns, He res-cued me, he res-cued me;

Once I was blind, but now I see, A brand from the burning, he res-cued me.  
 Now I am on the "King's Highway," A brand from the burning, he res-cued me.  
 Bro - ken for-e'er are sin's dark chains, A brand from the burning, he res-cued me.

CHORUS.

He res-cued me, he res-cued me, A brand from the burning, he res-cued me;

# He Rescued Me.—Concluded.

O how I'll praise him thro' e - ter - ni - ty, A brand from the burning, he res - cued me.

## No. 134. Somebody's Praying for You.

IDA L. REED.

DUET. *Slowly.*

C. AUSTIN MILES.

QUARTET.

1. Come to the Fa-ther, O wan-der - er come, Somebod-y's praying for you;  
 2. God's voice is call-ing, O do not de - lay, Somebod-y's praying for you;  
 3. Quench not the spir - it but yield from your heart, Somebod-y's praying for you;

DUET. QUARTET.

Turn from the sin-paths no lon - ger to roam, Somebod-y's praying for you. ....  
 Bow at the mer - cy-seat, bend while you may, Somebod-y's praying for you. ....  
 God waits his par - don, his peace to im - part, Somebod-y's praying for you. ....  
 is praying for you;

DUET. QUARTET.

Somebod - y loves you wher-ev - er you stray, Bears you in faith to God day aft-er day;  
 Somebod - y's wrestling in pray'r for your soul, Long-ing to see you made perfect-ly whole;  
 Kneel in your weakness confess - ing your sin, Tho' they are many and dark tho' they've been;

DUET. QUARTET.

Pray'rful - ly follows you all the dark way, Somebod-y's praying for you, for you.  
 Down where the billows of Cal - va - ry roll Somebod-y's praying for you, for you.  
 O - pen your heart, let love's cleansing tide in, Somebod-y's praying for you, for you.

CHORUS. ("For You I Am Praying") *Very softly*

For you I am praying, For you I am praying, For you I am praying, I'm praying for you.

# No. 135. There's a Great Day Coming.

W. L. T.

W. L. THOMPSON.

1. There's a great day coming, A great day coming, There's a great day coming, by and  
 2. There's a bright day coming, A bright day coming, There's a bright day coming, by and  
 3. There's a sad day coming, A sad day coming, There's a sad day coming, by and

by, When the saints and the sin-ners shall be part-ed right and left, Are you  
 by, But its brightness shall on-ly come to them that love the Lord, Are you  
 by, When the sin-ner shall hear his doom, "De-part: I know you not!" Are you

CHORUS

read-y for that day to come? Are you read-y? Are you read-y? Are you  
 read-y for the judgment day? Are you ready? Are you read-y for the judgment day?

By per. of Will L. Thompson, East Liverpool, Ohio, and Thompson Music Co., Chicago, Ill.

# No. 136.

# O Don't Stay Away.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

*With expression.*

Rev. W. J. STUART, A. M.

1. Come, soul, and find thy rest, No longer be distress'd; Come to thy Saviour's breast, O don't stay away.  
 2. Dark is the world and cold, Her cares cannot be told; Come to thy Saviour's fold, O don't stay away.  
 3. Come with thy load of sin, Christ died thy soul to win; Now he will take thee in, O don't stay away.  
 4. Time here will soon be past, Moments are flying fast; Judgment will come at last, O don't stay away.  
 5. Come, O we pray thee, come, Come and no longer roam; Come now and start for home, O don't stay away.

CHORUS.

Pray'rs are ascending now, Angels are bending low; Both worlds are blending now, O don't stay away.

## No. 137.

ISAAC WATTS.

## At the Cross.

R. E. HUDSON.

1. { Alas! And did my Saviour bleed, And did my Sov'reign die,  
Would he devote that sa- (Omit.....) } cred head For such a worm as I ?

## CHORUS.

At the cross, at the cross, where I first saw the light, And the bur-den of my heart roll'd a-  
way, It was there by faith I received my sight, And now I am happy all the day.  
roll'd away,

2 Was it for crimes that I have done,

He groaned upon the tree?

Amazing pity! Grace unknown!

And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,

And shut his glories in,

When Christ, the mighty Maker, died,

For man, the creature's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face

While his dear cross appears,

Dissolve my hear in thankfulness,

And melt mine eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay

The debt of love I owe;

Here, Lord, I give myself away,—

'Tis all that I can do.

## No. 138.

J. W. VANDEVENTER.  
SOLO.

## I Surrender All.

W. S. WEEDEN.  
CHORUS.

1. { All to Je-sus I sur-ren-der, All to him I free-ly give; }  
I will ev-er love and trust him, In his presence dai-ly live. }  
2. { All to Je-sus I sur-ren-der, Hum-bly at his feet I bow, } I sur-ren-der  
Worldly pleasures all for-sak-en, Take me Je-sus, take me now. }  
3. { All to Je-sus I sur-ren-der, Make me, Sav-iour, wholly thine; }  
Let me feel the Ho-ly Spir-it, Tru-ly know that thou art mine. }

all, I surrender all; All to thee, my blessed Saviour, I surrender all.  
I surrender all, I surrender all;

4 All to Jesus I surrender,  
Lord, I give myself to thee;  
Fill me with thy love and power,  
Let thy blessings fall on me.

5 All to Jesus I surrender,  
Now I feel the sacred flame;  
O the joy of full salvation!  
Glory, glory to his name.

## No. 139.

J. W. V.

## Saved Through Jesus' Blood.

J. W. VANDEVENTER.

1. Sometime we'll stand before the judgment bar, The quick, the ris-en dead; The Lord will  
 2. I'll then receive a bright and starry crown, As on-ly God can give; And when I've  
 3. Then we shall meet and nev-er part a-gain; Our toil will then be o'er; We'll lay our

CHORUS.

then make known the record there; Our names will all be read. } I'll be present when the roll is called,  
 been with him ten thousand years, I'll have no less to live. } burdens down at Je-sus' feet, And rest for-ev-er - more.

Pure and spotless thro' the crimson flood; I will answer when they call my name; Sav'd thro' Jesus' blood.

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## No. 140.

FABER.

## He is Calling.

Arr. by S. J. VAIL.

1. { There's a wideness in God's mercy Like the wideness of the sea; }  
 There's a kindness in his justice Which is more than (Omit.....) } lib-er-ty.  
 2. { There is welcome for the sinner, And more graces for the good; }  
 There is mer-cy with the Saviour, There is healing (Omit.....) } in his blood.

CHORUS.

He is call-ing, "Come to me!" Lord, I'll glad-ly haste to thee.

3 For the love of God is broader  
 Than the measure of man's mind;  
 And the heart of the Eternal  
 Is most wonderful and kind.

4 If our love were but more simple,  
 We should take him at his word;  
 And our lives would be all sunshine  
 In the sweet-ness of the Lord.

## No. 141.

P. P. B.

## Almost Persuaded.

P. P. BLISS.

1. "Almost persuaded," now to be-lieve; "Almost persuaded," Christ to re-ceive; Seems now some  
 2. "Almost persuaded," come, come to-day, "Almost persuaded," turn not a-way; Je-sus in-  
 3. "Almost persuaded," harvest is past! "Almost persuaded," doom comes at last! "Almost," can-

# Almost Persuaded.—Concluded.

## No. 142.

IRVIN H. MACK.

## Decide for Jesus.

ARTHUR WILTON.

CHORUS.

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## No. 143.

Anon.

## The Old Time Religion.

G. M. 3.

## No. 144. Let Jesus Come Into Your Heart.

C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.

CHORUS.

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## No. 145. Though Your Sins Be as Scarlet.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

DUET. Gently.

W. H. DOANE.

QUARTET.

DUET. *p*

*p rit.*

G. M. S.

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## No. 146.

## I am Thine, O Lord.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

"Let us draw near with a true heart."—Heb. 10: 22.

W. H. DOANE.



1. I am thine, O Lord, I have heard thy voice, And it told thy love to me;
2. Con-se-crate me now to thy serv-ice, Lord, By the pow'r of grace di-vine;
3. O the pure de-light of a sin-gle hour That be-fore thy throne I spend
4. There are depths of love that I can-not know Till I cross the nar-row sea,



But I long to rise in the arms of faith, And be clos-er drawn to thee.  
 Let my soul look up with a steadfast hope, And my will be lost in thine.  
 When I kneel in pray'r and with thee, O God, I commune as friend with friend.  
 There are heights of joy that I may not reach Till I rest in peace with thee.



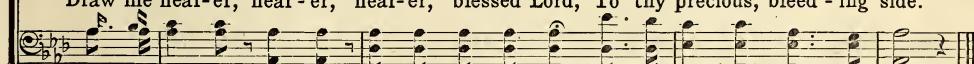
REFRAIN.



Draw me near - er, near - er, blessed Lord, To the cross where thou hast died;  
 near - er, near - er



Draw me near-er, near-er, near-er, blessed Lord, To thy precious, bleed - ing side.



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## No. 147.

## Lord, I'm Coming Home.

W. J. K.

With great feeling.

W. M. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. I've wander'd far away from God, Now I'm coming home; The paths of sin too long I've trod,
2. I've wasted ma-ny precious years, Now I'm coming home; I now re-pent with bit-ter tears,
3. I've tired of sin and straying, Lord, Now I'm coming home; I'll trust thy love, believe thy word,
4. My soul is sick, my heart is sore, Now I'm coming home; My strength renew, my hope restore,



D.S.—O pen wide thine arms of love,



FINE CHORUS

Lord, I'm coming home. Coming home, coming home, Nev-er more to roam;



Lord, I'm coming home.

5 My only hope, my only plea,  
 Now I'm coming home;  
 That Jesus died, and died for me,

Lord, I'm coming home.

6 I need his cleansing blood, I know,  
 Now I'm coming home;  
 O wash me whiter than the snow,  
 Lord, I'm coming home.

## No. 148. Come, Thou Almighty King.

ITALIAN HYMN. (Key G.)

- 1 Come, thou Almighty King,  
Help us thy name to sing,  
Help us to praise!  
Father all-glorious,  
O'er all victorious,  
Come, and reign over us,  
Ancient of days!
- 2 Come, thou Incarnate Word,  
Gird on thy mighty sword,  
Our prayer attend:  
Come, and thy people bless,  
And give thy word success;  
Spirit of holiness,  
On us descend!
- 3 Come, Holy Comforter,  
Thy sacred witness bear,  
In this glad hour:  
Thou who almighty art,  
Now rule in every heart,  
And ne'er from us depart,  
Spirit of power!
- 4 To the great One in Three,  
Eternal praises be  
Hence, evermore:  
His sovereign majesty  
May we in glory see,  
And to eternity  
Love and adore!

—CHARLES WESLEY.

## No. 149. O for a Thousand Tongues!

AZMON. (Key A.)

- 1 O for a thousand tongues to sing  
My great Redeemer's praise,  
The glories of my God and King,  
The triumphs of his grace!
- 2 My gracious Master and my God,  
Assist me to proclaim,  
To spread through all the earth abroad,  
The honors of thy name.
- 3 Jesus! The name that charms our fears,  
That bids our sorrows cease;  
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,  
'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 4 He breaks the power of canceled sin,  
He sets the prisoner free;  
His blood can make the foulest clean;  
His blood availed for me.
- 5 He speaks, and, listening to his voice,  
New life the dead receive;  
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice;  
The humble poor believe.
- 6 Hear him, ye deaf; his praise, ye dumb,  
Your loosened tongues employ;  
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come;  
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

—CHARLES WESLEY.

## No. 150. Faith of Our Fathers.

ST. CATHERINE. (Key A b.)

- 1 Faith of our fathers! Living still  
In spite of dungeon, fire and sword:  
O how our hearts beat high with joy  
Whene'er we hear that glorious word!  
Faith of our fathers! Holy faith!  
We will be true to thee till death!
- 2 Our fathers, chained in prisons dark,  
Were still in heart and conscience free;  
How sweet would be their children's fate,  
If they, like them, could die for thee!  
Faith of our fathers! Holy faith!  
We will be true to thee till death!
- 3 Faith of our fathers! We will love  
Both friend and foe in all our strife:  
And preach thee, too, as love knows how,  
By kindly words and virtuous life:  
Faith of our fathers! Holy faith!  
We will be true to thee till death!

—FREDERICK W. FABER.

## No. 151. Onward, Christian Soldiers.

ST. GERTRUDE. (Key Eb.)

- 1 Onward, Christian soldiers!  
Marching as to war,  
With the cross of Jesus  
Going on before,  
Christ, the royal Master,  
Leads against the foe;  
Forward into battle,  
See, his banners go!

REFRAIN.

Onward, Christian soldiers!  
Marching as to war,  
With the cross of Jesus  
Going on before.

- 2 Like a mighty army  
Moves the Church of God,  
Brothers, we are treading  
Where the saints have trod;  
We are not divided,  
All one body we,  
One in hope and doctrine,  
One in charity.
- 3 Crowns and thrones may perish,  
Kingdoms rise and wane,  
But the Church of Jesus  
Constant will remain;  
Gates of hell can never  
'Gainst that church prevail,  
We have Christ's own promise,  
And that cannot fail.

- 4 Onward, then, ye people!  
Join the happy throng,  
Blend with ours your voices  
In the triumph song;  
Glory, laud and honor  
Unto Christ the King,  
This through countless ages  
Men and angels sing.

—SABINE BARING-GOULD.

## No. 152. How Firm a Foundation.

PORTUGUESE HYMN. (Key A b.)

- How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord!  
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word!  
What more can he say, than to you he hath said,  
||: To you, who for refuge to Jesus have fled? :||
- “Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed,  
For I am thy God, I will still give thee aid;  
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee  
to stand,  
||: Upheld by my gracious, omnipotent hand. :||
- “When through the deep waters I call thee to go,  
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;  
For I will be with thee thy trouble to bless,  
||: And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress. :||
- “The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,  
I will not—I will not desert to his foes;  
“The soul—though all hell should endeavor to  
shake,  
||: I'll never—no, never—no, never forsake! :||

—G. KEITH.

## No. 153. Nearer, My God, to Thee.

(Key G.)

- Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee;  
E'en though it be a cross  
That raiseth me;  
Still all my song shall be,  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee!
- Though like a wanderer,  
The sun gone down,  
Darkness be over me,  
My rest a stone;  
Yet in my dreams I'd be  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee!
- There let the way appear  
Steps unto heaven;  
All that thou sendest me;  
In mercy given;  
Angels to beckon me  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee!
- There with my waking thoughts  
Bright with thy praise,  
Out of my stony griefs,  
Bethel I'll raise;  
Still all my song shall be,  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee!
- Or if, on joyful wing,  
Cleaving the sky,  
Sun, moon and stars forgot,  
Upward I fly;  
Still all my song shall be,  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee! —SARAH F. ADAMS.

## No. 154. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

HOLLINGSIDE. (Key Eb.)

- Jesus, lover of my soul,  
Let me to thy bosom fly,  
While the nearer waters roll,  
While the tempest still is high!  
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,  
Till the storm of life is past;  
Safe into the haven guide,  
O receive my soul at last!
- Other refuge have I none;  
Hangs my helpless soul on thee:  
Leave, ah! Leave me not alone,  
Still support and comfort me:  
All my trust on thee is stayed,  
All my help from thee I bring;  
Cover my defenseless head  
With the shadow of thy wing.
- Thou, O Christ, art all I want;  
More than all in thee I find;  
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,  
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.  
Just and holy is thy name,  
I am all unrighteousness;  
False and full of sin I am,  
Thou art full of truth and grace.
- Plenteous grace with thee is found,  
Grace to cover all my sin:  
Let the healing streams abound;  
Make and keep me pure within.  
Thou of life the fountain art,  
Freely let me take of thee:  
Spring thou up within my heart,  
Rise to all eternity.

—CHARLES WESLEY.

## No. 155. Just As I Am.

(Key Eb.)

- Just as I am, without one plea,  
But that thy blood was shed for me,  
And that thou bidd'st me come to thee,  
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
- Just as I am, and waiting not  
To rid my soul of one dark blot,  
To thee whose blood can cleanse each spot,  
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
- Just as I am, though tossed about,  
With many a conflict, many a doubt,  
Fightings within and fears without,  
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
- Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind,  
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,  
Yea, all I need, in thee I find,  
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
- Just as I am—thou wilt receive,  
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;  
Because thy promise I believe,  
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
- Just as I am—thy love unknown  
Hath broken every barrier down;  
Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,  
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

—CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

## No. 156. My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

OLIVET. (Key Eb.)

- 1 My faith looks up to thee,  
Thou Lamb of Calvary,  
Saviour divine!  
Now hear me while I pray,  
Take all my guilt away,  
O let me from this day  
Be wholly thine!
- 2 May thy rich grace impart  
Strength to my fainting heart,  
My zeal inspire;  
As thou hast died for me,  
O may my love to thee  
Pure, warm, and changeless be,  
A living fire!
- 3 While life's dark maze I tread,  
And griefs around me spread,  
Be thou my guide;  
Bid darkness turn to day,  
Wipe sorrow's tears away,  
Nor let me ever stray  
From thee aside.
- 4 When ends life's transient dream,  
When death's cold, sullen stream  
Shall o'er me roll;  
Blest Saviour, then, in love,  
Fear and distrust remove;  
O bear me safe above,  
A ransomed soul!

—RAY PALMER.

## No. 157. Rock of Ages.

TOPLADY. (Key Bb.)

- 1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in thee;  
Let the water and the blood,  
From thy wounded side which flowed,  
Be of sin the double cure,  
Save from wrath and make me pure.
- 2 Could my tears forever flow,  
Could my zeal no languor know,  
These for sin could not atone,  
Thou must save, and thou alone;  
In my hand no price I bring,  
Simply to thy cross I cling.
- 3 While I draw this fleeting breath,  
When my eyes shall close in death,  
When I rise to worlds unknown,  
And behold thee on thy throne,  
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in thee!

—AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY.

## No. 158. When I Survey.

EUCHARIST. (Key D)

- 1 When I survey the wondrous cross  
On which the Prince of Glory died,  
My richest gain I count but loss,  
And pour contempt on all my pride.
- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,  
Save in the death of Christ, my God;  
All the vain things that charm me most,  
I sacrifice them to his blood.

G. M. 3

3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,  
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;  
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,  
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

- 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
That were a present far too small;  
Love so amazing, so divine,  
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

—ISAAC WATTS.

## No. 159. The Morning Light is Breaking

WEBB. (Key Bb.)

- 1 The morning light is breaking,  
The darkness disappears;  
The sons of earth are waking  
To penitential tears:  
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean  
Brings tidings from afar,  
Of nations in commotion,  
Prepared for Zion's war.
- 2 See heathen nations bending  
Before the God we love,  
And thousand hearts ascending  
In gratitude above:  
While sinners now confessing,  
The gospel call obey,  
And seek the Saviour's blessing,  
A nation in a day.
- 3 Blest river of salvation,  
Pursue thine onward way;  
Flow thou to every nation,  
Nor in thy richness stay,  
Stay not till all the lowly  
Triumphant reach their home;  
Stay not till all the holy  
Proclaim, "The Lord is come;"

—SAMUEL F. SMITH.

## No. 160. God Be With You.

(Key Db.)

- 1 God be with you till we meet again,  
By his counsels guide, uphold you,  
With his sheep securely fold you,  
God be with you till we meet again.

### CHORUS.

Till we meet, till we meet,  
Till we meet at Jesus' feet,  
Till we meet, till we meet,  
God be with you till we meet again.

- 2 God be with you till we meet again,  
'Neath his wings protecting, hide you,  
Daily manna still provide you,  
God be with you till we meet again.
- 3 God be with you till we meet again,  
When life's perils thick confound you,  
Put his arms unfailing 'round you,  
God be with you till we meet again.
- 4 God be with you till we meet again,  
Keep love's banner floating o'er you,  
Smite death's threat'ning wave before you,  
God be with you till we meet again.

—J. E. RANKIN.

## No. 161. My Country, 'Tis of Thee.

AMERICA. (Key F.)

- 1 My country, 'tis of thee,  
Sweet land of liberty,  
Of thee I sing:  
Land where my fathers died,  
Land of the pilgrim's pride,  
From every mountain side  
Let freedom ring!
- 2 My native country, thee,  
Land of the noble, free,  
Thy name I love;  
I love thy rocks and rills,  
Thy woods and templed hills;  
My heart with rapture thrills,  
Like that above.
- 3 Let music swell the breeze,  
And ring from all the trees  
Sweet freedom's song;  
Let mortal tongues awake;  
Let all that breathe partake;  
Let rocks their silence break,  
The sound prolong.
- 4 Our fathers' God, to thee,  
Author of liberty,  
To thee we sing;  
Long may our land be bright  
With freedom's holy light;  
Protect us by thy might,  
Great God, our King.

—SAMUEL F. SMITH.

## No. 162. How Sweet the Name.

AZMON. (Key A.)

- 1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds  
In a believer's ear!  
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,  
And drives away his fear.
- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,  
And calms the troubled breast;  
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,  
And to the weary rest.
- 3 Dear name! The Rock on which I build,  
My shield and hiding-place,  
My never-failing treasury, filled  
With boundless stores of grace;
- 4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Brother, Friend,  
My Prophet, Priest, and King,  
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,  
Accept the praise I bring.

—JOHN NEWTON.

## No. 163. In the Cross of Christ.

(Key C.)

- 1 In the cross of Christ I glory,  
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;  
All the light of sacred story  
Gathers round its head sublime.
- 2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,  
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,  
Never shall the cross forsake me,  
Lo! It glows with peace and joy.

G. M. 3.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming  
Light and love upon my way,  
From the cross the radiance streaming  
Adds more lustre to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,  
By the cross are sanctified;  
Peace is there that knows no measure,  
Joys that through all time abide.

—SIR J. BOWRING.

## No. 164. Happy Day.

(Key G.)

1 O happy day, that fixed my choice  
On thee, my Saviour and my God!  
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,  
And tell its raptures all abroad.

### CHORUS.

Happy day, happy day,  
When Jesus washed my sins away!  
He taught me how to watch and pray,  
And live rejoicing every day:  
Happy day, happy day,  
When Jesus washed my sins away!

2 O happy bond that seals my vows  
To him who merits all my love!  
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,  
While to that sacred shrine I move.

3 'Tis done: the great transaction's done!  
I am my Lord's and he is mine;  
He drew me and I followed on,  
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

—P. DODDRIDGE

## No. 165. All Hail the Power.

MILES' LANE. (Key Bb.)

CORONATION. (Key G.)

1 All hail the power of Jesus' name!  
Let angels prostrate fall;  
Bring forth the royal diadem,  
And crown him Lord of all.

2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,  
Ye ransomed from the fall,  
Hail him who saves you by his grace,  
And crown him Lord of all.

3 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget  
The wormwood and the gall;  
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,  
And crown him Lord of all.

4 Let every kindred, every tribe  
On this terrestrial ball,  
To him all majesty ascribe,  
And crown him Lord of all.

5 O that, with yonder sacred throng,  
We at his feet may fall!  
We'll join the everlasting song,  
And crown him Lord of all.

—EDWARD PERRONET.

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